Dec. 28, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25

Nº 100
COACH

A few of the things you should know about Coach® Belts

Coach® Belts are classic Glove Leather belts that are well constructed and beautifully detailed.

Coach® Belts are made by the same people who make Coach® Bags – produced in the same factory, made out of the same leather and stitched by the same sewing machine operators.

Coach® Belts are made in a range of men's and women's widths and sizes. There are ten colors of Glove Tanned Cowhide to choose from as well as an assortment of leather-trimmed wools and linens in colorful racing stripes and solids.

Coach® Belts – whether they are made entirely of leather or in combination with natural fibers – all have the same crisp, traditional saddlery look that is unmistakably "Coach."

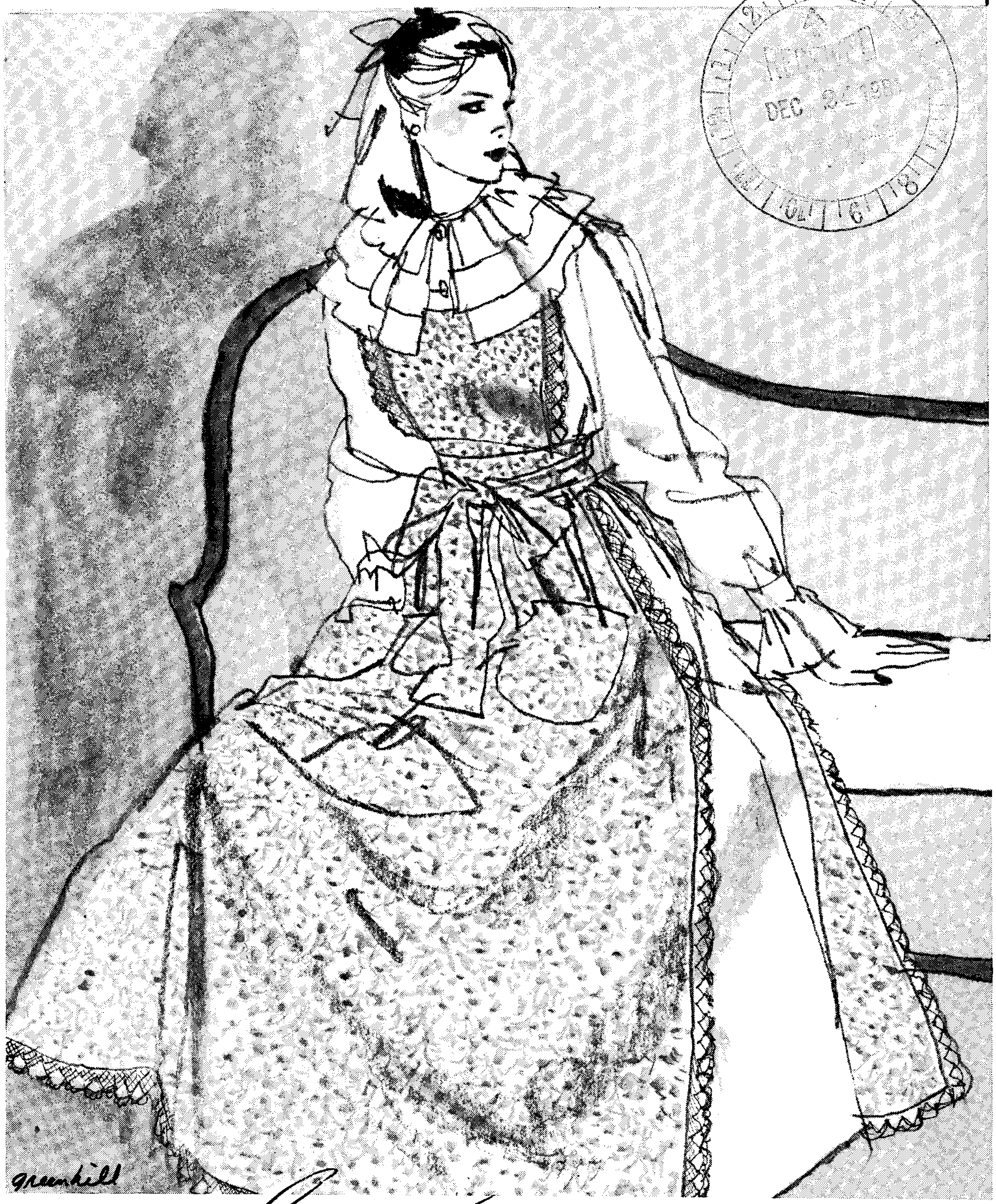
Coach® Belts are distinguished by their authentic solid brass hardware, each buckle individually cast in sand.

Coach® Belts have been made in the same basic models with the same classic harness buckles for over ten years. Many fads and trends have come and gone in that time, but these belts have never gone out of style.

If you cannot find the Coach® Belt you want in a store near you, you can order it directly from The Coach® Store in New York. For Catalogue, write or call: The Coach® Store, 754 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021. Telephone: (212) 594-1581.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

DEC



Lord & Taylor

We love pastoral pinafore dressing

It translates fashion into lyric poetry, an idyll of innocence. The country print pinafore in smoke blue and white, 68.00 Ruffled underdress, 88.00 In the softest pure cotton by Hartsville, sizes 4 to 12. Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue. Call toll-free 800-223-7440. In New York State 800-522-5195 (except area code 212). For New York City and information (212) 391-3300.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Camelot—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. *Also in the cast are* Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Candida—Joanne Woodward in the title role survives a production that, thanks to an overambitious director, is far off the mark that Shaw intended the play to hit. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

The City Suite—A musical entertainment by Keith Levenson, with a cast of nine. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day, at 10, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The perfect cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Raymond Baker, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's new musical has thirty-two young singers and dancers. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger did the music. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Duet for One—Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow in a two-character play by Tom Kempinski. Directed by William Friedkin. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Francis—*A musical based on the life of St.* Francis of Assisi, by Joseph Leonardo (book), Stephen Jankowski (music), and Kenny Morris (lyrics). John Dossett has the title role. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Grown Ups—Jules Feiffer has written an almost plotless play about a neurotic *Times* man and his dreary family. The literary method employed is largely that of furious harangue, with a few Feifferian jokes thrown in. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

Head Over Heels—A musical with a book by William S. Kilborne, Jr., and Albert T. Viola, music by Mr. Viola, and lyrics by Mr. Kilborne. It is based on the play "The Wonder Hat," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. With Beth Austin, Dennis Bailey, John Cunningham, Gwyda DonHowe, and

---

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"ADVICE" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 35

"DECADE OF THE YEAR" . . . . *Ellis Weiner* 39

"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . . *Roger Angell* 41

"LEARN A TRADE" . . . . *John Updike* 42

A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE DANISH EXPRESS) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 45

"THE FIRST WINTER LIGHT" (POEM) . . . . *James Baker Hall* 46

"COLDER" (POEM) . . . . *Steven Goldsberry* 51

POPULAR RECORDS . . . . *Douglas Watt* 52

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 57

DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 58

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (PETS) . . . . *Emily Hahn* 62

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 68

BOOKS . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 72
  BRIEFLY NOTED 73

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Arnie Levin, James Stevenson, Henry Martin, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Charles Addams, George Booth, Charles Barsotti, J. J. Sempé, Stan Hunt, Dean Vietor, William Hamilton, Tom Funk, Lee Lorenz, Jack Ziegler, Peter Steiner, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Warren Miller, Michael Maslin, Edward Koren*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

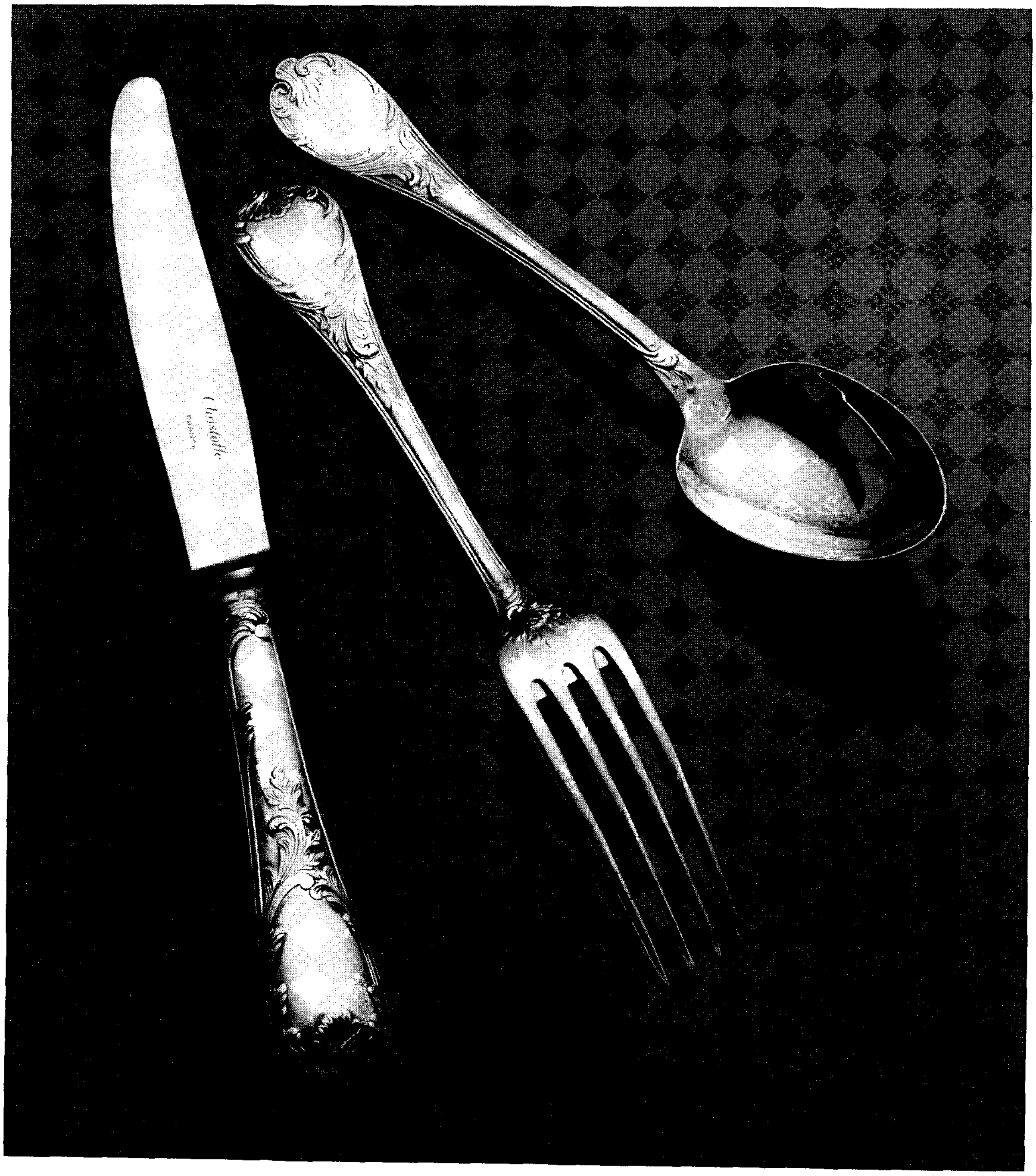
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVII, No. 45, December 28, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

The Elegant Alternative



There is a choice now. Christofle silverplate. Probably the only kind that approximates the weight, balance and design of the best solid sterling. Classic styles, distinguished by the refinement and imagination that have made Christofle the premier silversmiths in France since 1830.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

PATTERN SHOWN: MARLY. BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES • CARDEL, NEW YORK • N. THEOBALD INC., INDIANAPOLIS • SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON & DALLAS • NESSA GAULOIS, BAL HARBOUR • DOUGLAS LORIE, INC., PALM BEACH • GARFINCKEL'S, WASHINGTON • AND OTHER SELECTED STORES.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charles Michael Wright. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kingdoms—A play by Edward Sheehan, based on the historic conflict between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. Armand Assante makes a fairly plausible upstart Emperor, but Roy Dotrice is far too actorish as the victimized Pope. Maria Tucci is wasted in a tiny part as Josephine. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Five productions in a revival of sixteen plays and musicals that were originally presented during the sixties. **LOVE ME OR I'LL KILL YOU,** by Daniel Haben Clark, and **THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD FINDS HAPPINESS,** by Robert Patrick. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 7:30. . . . **XXXXX,** by William Hoffman. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 9:30. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Dec. 30: **GODSPELL,** by John-Michael Tebelak and Stephen Schwartz. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Dec. 31: **THE UNSEEN HAND,** by Sam Shepard. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens could invent an entire world with his left hand, and here the Royal Shakespeare Company brings one of the most delightful of those worlds to vivid life. A work of art and a superlative feat of stagecraft. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets (if you can get them) are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. There will be no performances Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND:** Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 4 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 4; and final performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO:** New Year's Eve at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 4 and 8:30. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

Magic Time—A first play by James Sherman, set backstage at a small theatre in Chicago, where actors are about to go on in "Hamlet." The dialogue is mostly "inside" chatter, and there are many awkward moments, but there are some lively moments, too, and the young cast does well. (12/21/81) (Actors and Directors Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Weekdays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Miss Julie and Playing with Fire—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are very good, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

No End of Blame—A play by Howard Barker. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11—on Christmas at 8 only. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and The Actor's Nightmare—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Stronger and Hughie—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; and final performance Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Twelve Dreams—A play by James Lapine. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 24.)

Whistler—John Cullum portrays James McNeill Whistler in a one-man show by Lawrence and Maggie Williams. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except New Year's Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Satur-

Panasonic has a clock radio made just for your nightmare.

The "my kid fooled with the alarm" nightmare.

The "I need to know the weather and every station's playing music" nightmare.

The "two different wake-up times, one alarm clock" nightmare!

The "there's a power failure and my clock doesn't know what time it is" nightmare.

The last thing you should lose sleep over is your clock radio. That's why when the time comes, make sure you buy a Panasonic. We have AM/FM clock radios to solve every problem a clock radio could give you.

Our clock radios do just about everything but tuck you in. Many are equipped with Sure Time—Panasonic's battery backup system[*] that keeps time internally even if there's a power failure. Most models have childproof controls to make sure you wake up when you planned. *And a fluorescent digital display.* There's a model with two alarm settings for couples who get up at different times. Another gives you 24 hours of continuous weather.[†]

All models have a doze alarm. A sleep timer to smooth your way into slumber. Great sound, of course. And every Panasonic clock radio has something you won't get from anybody else—a two-year warranty.[††] We want you to rest easy, even when you're not sleeping!

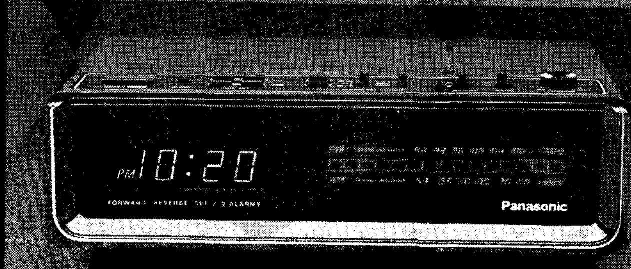
You see, what time you go to sleep is your business. But what time you get up—that's ours.

[*] Battery not included. [†] Not all areas broadcast weather information.
[††] Limited 2-year warranty on parts and labor with carry-in service and proof of purchase. See warranty card for details.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

RC-55 with childproof time and alarm.

RC-77 with 24-hour instant weather.


RC-95 with two alarm settings.

RC-96 with battery backup power.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 24.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A *blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of* Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,008 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7:30; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson *method* is a *cocktail* consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** *Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography* by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song *and dance, song and dance, and since the music* is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney (who returns to the show on Saturday, Dec. 26), Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Christmas at 2:30 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; and New Year's Day at 2:30.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. 860-7320. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 11; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 6; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 6.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first five of eleven performances of a double bill of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 6; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1 and 5; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 29, Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 8: "Molly's Not Dead," "The Detail of Phoebe Strickland," "Day Two," and a solo dance. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 26, and Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Bonsai," "Walklyndon," "The Empty Suitor," "Monkshood Farewell," and two solo dances. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Ciona," "Walklyndon," "Shizen," "Untitled," and two solo dances. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY—Final performances of a full-length work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

HOLIDAY FESTIVAL OF DANCE—New works and revivals by associated artists of the Theatre of the Open Eye, performed by choreographer/dancers Jean Erdman, Nancy Allison, Leslie Dillingham, Muna Tseng, Susan Tenney, and Rebecca Perrin. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-30, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

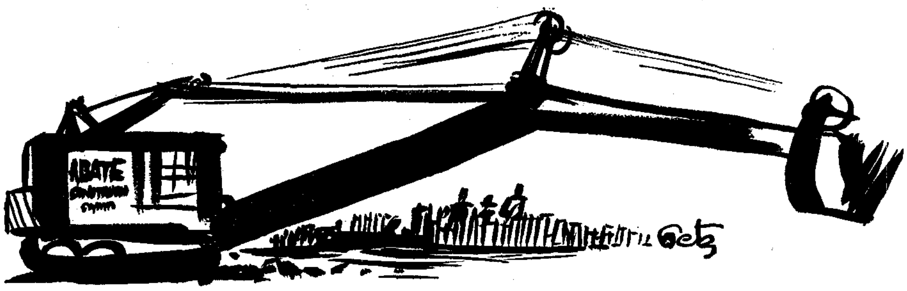
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneous stride and free pianist, will lead a trio Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Closed Christmas.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, jazz professor, and National Public Radio star, works with his trio through Monday, Dec. 28, and beginning Tuesday, Dec. 29, tenor saxophonists **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** will co-pilot a quartet. The music begins at ten, except Christmas Eve. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 23, athletic drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his band and guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS** and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** an a-cappella soul quintet; Monday, Dec., 28, singers John Stewart and Ronee Blakley; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, Flo & Eddie & the Raiders of the Lost Rock Band and Karla DeVito. Shows Sundays through Wednesdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight, and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-



Dance has a new partner.

Business. 200 corporations know that dance is important to the people important to them. That's why they are investing in seven of America's greatest dance companies through The National Corporate Fund for Dance. Don't let your corporation sit this one out. Contact William S. Woodside, Chairman, American Can Company c/o The National Corporate Fund for Dance, Inc., 130 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

THE NATIONAL CORPORATE FUND FOR DANCE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians (in this case, piano-bass duos): **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Dec. 26; **LARRY WILLIS** and **WALTER BOOKER** on Sunday, Dec. 27; and beginning Monday, Dec. 28, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RUFUS REID.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty at this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one; on Christmas Eve from six-thirty to ten-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in New York performing with bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Dec. 23, the Article, the Code, the Turncoats, and Alleycat Choir; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, DNA, with Peter Gordon and John Lurie on Thursday, and N.Y. Samba Band and Lizzy Mercier Descloux on Friday; and Saturday, Dec. 26, Bad Brains. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'. Closed Christmas Eve.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** the resident blues singer and songwriter, is back singing, chanting, calling, and talking the blues. Her shows are Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Sundays through Tuesdays are now devoted to singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His sets, at nine and eleven, are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Dining.

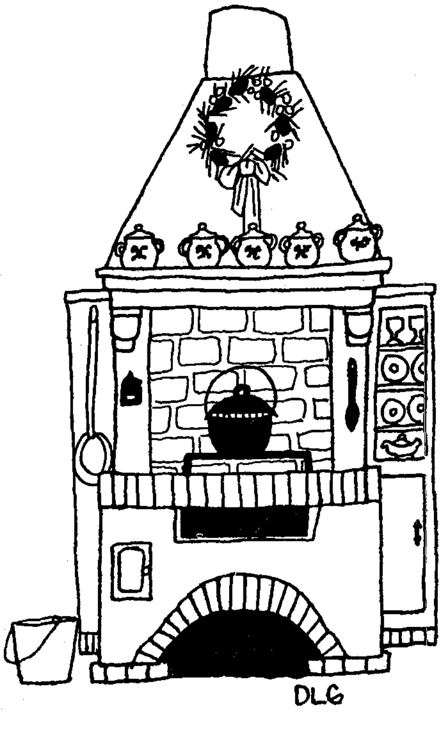
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Saturday, Dec. 26, the Lewis Bros.; Sunday, Dec. 27, guitarists Nick Katzman and Bob Zaidman; Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Irish Tradition and the Eagle Tavern Wren Boys; Thursday, Dec. 31, the Lazy Aces String Band and Stivers & Becker, with Ben Ford; and Saturday, Jan. 2, the Lost World String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays (except Christmas Eve) and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 27, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead his Jazz Sultans from about nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **BETTY CARTER,** a risk-taker of a jazz singer, winds up her stint on Monday, Dec. 28. Her vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and probably cause a good deal of anxiety in novice listeners: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? On Tuesday, Dec. 29, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** will move in with his band for a two-week visit. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassist **AL HALL,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** pianist **GENE RODGERS,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. Music from nine-thirty. No music Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The music lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 23, singer Ebony Jo-Ann; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26, singer Marion Cowings; Monday, Dec. 28, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and their guests, tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES;** and starting Tuesday, Dec. 29, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO.** On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** performs with his quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays piano and sings from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Bassist Steve Roane's duo performs on Wednesday, Dec. 23; on Saturday, Dec. 26, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and still one of the best bop pianists, will be on hand; and on Tuesday, Dec. 29, hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will arrive with pianist **VALERIE CAPERS.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The specialty of the current house pianist, **DICK WELLSTOOD,** is stride piano; Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **RED RICHARDS** is at the piano from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty on Sundays and Mondays. Closed Christmas Eve.

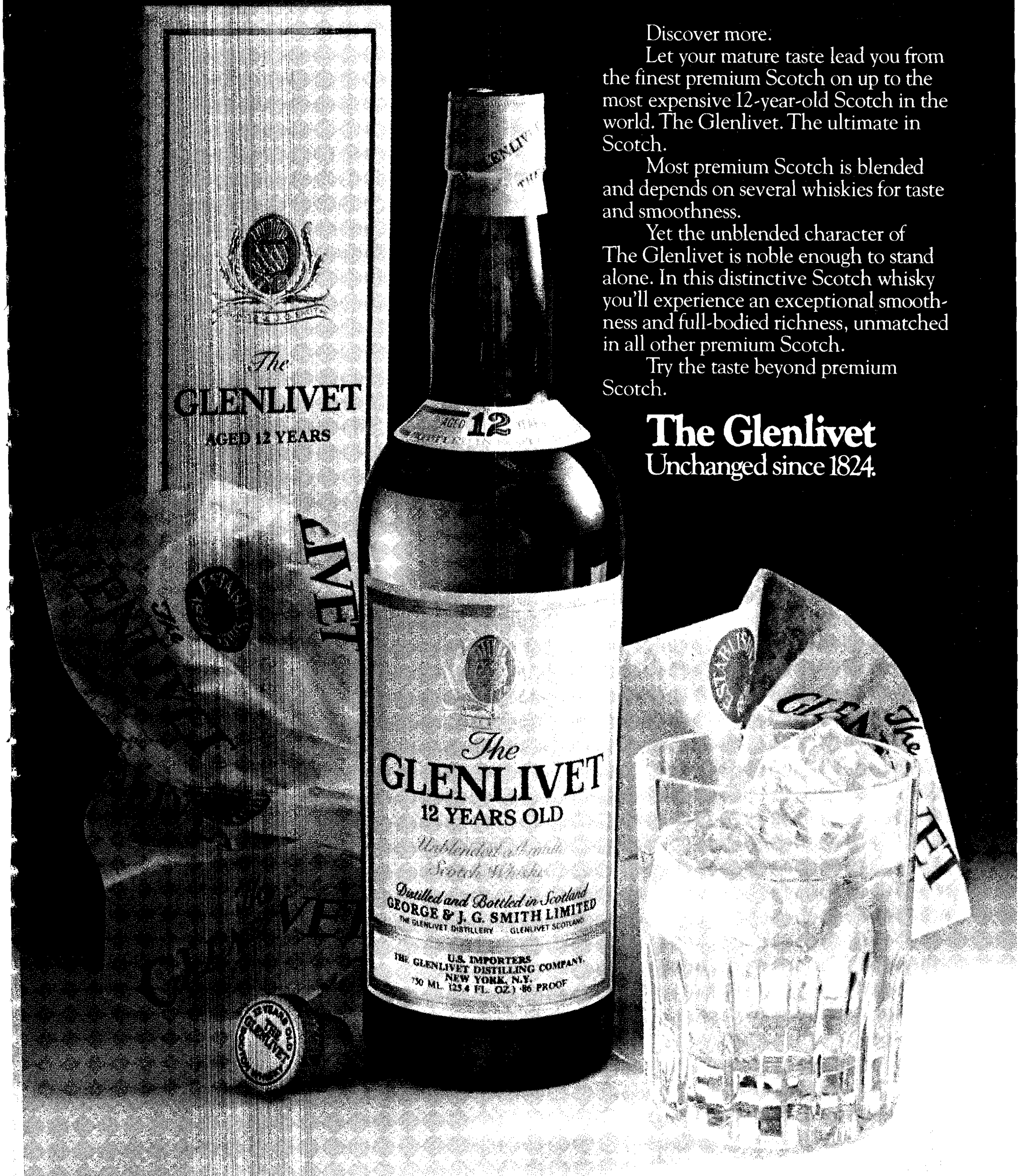
Horn of Plenty, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—In the music room, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is presenting concert-style sets in which she plays piano and sings in her clear, unadorned, diminutive voice. She's here from six-thirty to eight on Wednesday, Dec. 23; Saturday, Dec. 26; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31; and Saturday, Jan. 2.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, Montego Joe; Thursday, Dec. 31, a Brazilian band that will feature **THIAGO DE MELLO** on guitar and **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, singers Bazzi Gray and Byrdie Greene and the Jazzmania All-Stars in a tribute to the late singer Joe (Bebop) Carroll. Wednesdays, **OLU DARA,** who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, leads his occasionally out-there **OKRA ORCHESTRA,** which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues; the music will start at ten-thirty on New Year's Eve. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Christmas Eve.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH


The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
AGED 12
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
Unblended All Malt
Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLERY GLENLIVET SCOTLAND
U.S. IMPORTERS
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y.
750 ML. (25.4 FL. OZ.) 86 PROOF

Discover more.

Let your mature taste lead you from the finest premium Scotch on up to the most expensive 12-year-old Scotch in the world. The Glenlivet. The ultimate in Scotch.

Most premium Scotch is blended and depends on several whiskies for taste and smoothness.

Yet the unblended character of The Glenlivet is noble enough to stand alone. In this distinctive Scotch whisky you'll experience an exceptional smoothness and full-bodied richness, unmatched in all other premium Scotch.

Try the taste beyond premium Scotch.

The Glenlivet
Unchanged since 1824.

The Mercedes-Benz 240D Sedan: the $22,000* automobile that has the gall to put function first.

Frivolity is out. The 240 D is one and a half tons of cold engineering logic–an automobile meant to reflect not your wealth but your perspicacity.

People choose the 240 D Sedan because–like Mercedes-Benz engineers–they believe that functional efficiency seldom comes from shortcuts.

The 240 D is powered by one of the *saner*-sized engines in its class: a four cylinder diesel engine, displacing just 2.4 liters.

Few engines of any size are more expensively machined and balanced. (All pistons and connecting rods, for instance, are individually balanced as a set.) Such precision helps the 240 D's engine face the prospect of long, hard, heavy use unafraid.

This power plant is so sophisticated in design that a built-in device adjusts the fuel injection rate *barometrically*, to help the 240 D run efficiently at 7,000 feet or at sea level.

Yet it is so simple in operation that for its first 10,000 miles, total scheduled maintenance is about three hours.

$558 for 10,000 miles?

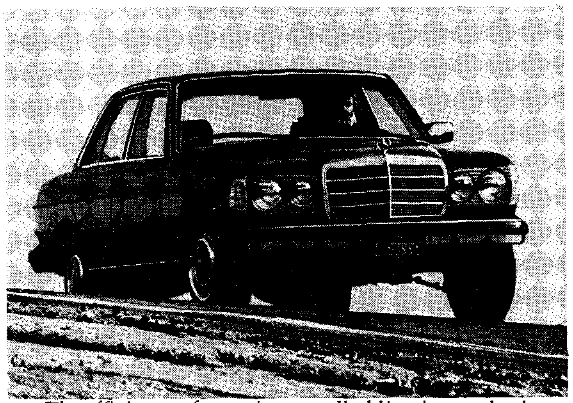
The 240 D lets you choose between maximum convenience and maximum mileage with four-speed automatic or four-speed manual versions.

Even the automatic hardly guzzles fuel. In fact, at an average cost of $1.34-per-gallon for diesel fuel in the U.S. and with the EPA mileage figure of $\boxed{24}$ mpg estimated,** the automatic 240 D should take you 10,000 miles for about $558.

No gadgets, no baubles

The 240 D is engineered to take the strains of high mileage and hard driving in stride.

The car's lack of shimmy and shake on ugly roads owes much to its rigid, welded steel fuselage–a unit body.



The efficiency of tenacious roadholding is standard.

Its four-wheel disc brakes (with 456 sq. in. of swept area) could stop a vehicle many times its size and weight.

The 240 D is not shy of potholed roads, humpbacked roads, or twisty roads. Sold as it is in 90 countries–few blessed with superhighways–it could not *afford* to be.

Gadgets and baubles are absent. What could these add to efficiency? An electronic cruise control *is* provided, allowing you to hold a steady 55-mph–without fuel-wasting ups and downs.

Because the 240 D is meant to take efficient care of its occupants, it incorporates 120 safety features. Many of these satisfy Federal laws. And many more are incorporated to satisfy the Mercedes-Benz obsession with safety.

Robots, hands, eyes

A well-built car is usually a more efficient car. It is for this reason that Mercedes-Benz lavishes such care on the 240 D's construction and finish.

It does not feel tinny. The body is not bolted together but fused together as a unit structure–4,786 welds strong.

Robots precision-weld the body. Since robots can't smooth body seams and joints, skilled workmen do.

The efficiency of value

The 240 D is a sensible but not a Spartan automobile. Even air conditioning is standard, and the interior is accented with a traditional wood grain that is created by *real* wood.

Mercedes-Benz cars in America have written such a legend of retained value that this must be considered alongside that $22,000 price tag. These cars–including the 240 D–have been shown to retain *80 percent of their original value* after the first three years.

In this category, as in others, there is simply no other automobile like the Mercedes-Benz 240 D Sedan. At $22,000 or any price.

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry.

**EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather.

©1981 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

Engineered like no other car in the world

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to bluesy and rhythmic pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** who begin playing at about ten. No music Christmas Eve.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 23, Marshall Chapman, a country-rock singer and songwriter from Spartanburg, S. C.; Sunday, Dec. 27, stand-up folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday, Dec. 28, the Pousette-Dart Band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, rockabilly singer Robert Gordon; and Thursday, Dec. 31, Shawn Colvin and Ralph Landis & Wildlife. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and of baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** who appears Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty; only one show New Year's Eve, after ten. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** is present with his **PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

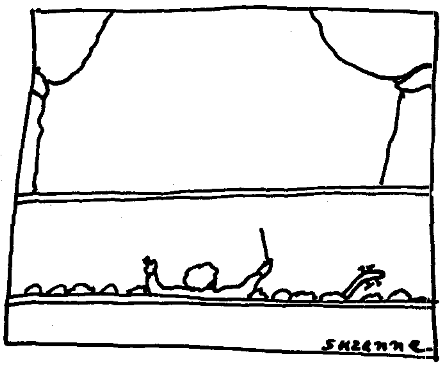
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Dec. 23, the Bobby Vince Paunetto band; Thursday, Dec. 24, Genyflyte; Saturday, Dec. 26, Mark Sadane; Monday, Dec. 28, the Burrag Ensemble; Tuesday, Dec. 29, Nitesprite; Wednesday, Dec. 30, Clarice Taylor; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, Noel Pointer. Music from ten to two. Closed Christmas. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursday, Dec. 24, will belong to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** singer **ESTHER MARROW,** and the rest of the R. & B. band **THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL.** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 29-31, the **PERSUASIONS** will be here, singing some stunning a-cappella street-corner soul music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Dec. 23, BMT; Friday, Dec. 25, Johnny Thunders; Saturday, Dec. 26, the Dance; Sunday, Dec. 27, Black Flag and Saccharine Trust; and Thursday, Dec. 31, the Rockats. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight, and New Year's Eve from nine. Dining.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Friday, Dec. 25, Denroy Morgan and Edwin Birdsong; Saturday, Dec. 26, **BUSH TETRAS** and Thompson Twins; Sunday, Dec. 27, **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Monday, Dec. 28, Dirty Looks; Thursday, Dec. 31, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts (at about midnight) and Kid Creole & the Coconuts (at about three A. M.); and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, more Kid Creole & the Coconuts. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin is under way. The participants are Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and New Year's Day.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Wednesday, Dec. 23, **DEUCE,** with **JEAN FINEBERG** and **ELLEN SEELING;** Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ;** Monday, Dec. 28, pianist **CHARLES EUBANKS;** and Thursday, Dec. 31, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** bassist **WILL LEE,** and members of the Average White Band. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room. On Saturday, Dec. 26, pianist Joe Ruddick will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, drummer Vernel Fournier will head *his* trio. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays hard-swinging bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, winds up his week on Saturday, Dec. 26; on Tuesday, Dec. 29, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the flame-throwing saxophonist and bassoonist, will move in with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining. Closed Sunday, Dec. 27.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **JOE TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie big band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during the period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. He's still (thank heavens) here Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty. No music Christmas Eve; closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 23, Broken Arrow and Yorkville Saints; Friday, Dec. 25, Social Register; Saturday, Dec. 26, **NONA HENDRYX** & Propaganda and Bridgetower; Monday, Dec. 28, George Sanders; Tuesday, Dec. 29, C. C. & the Red Bank Rockers; Wednesday, Dec. 30, Numbers and Metromen; Thursday, Dec. 31, Marshall Crenshaw and **BUZZ & THE FLYERS;** Friday, Jan. 1, Catholic Girls, Chris Moffa, and Poptronics; and Saturday, Jan. 2, the Nails and Neil Getz. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Christmas Eve.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine; on Monday, Dec. 28, Orchestra Broadway and Orchestra Harlow will share the stage and the guest soloist, pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Thursday, Dec. 31, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will perform with La Lupe and Luis (Perico) Ortiz, with trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** sitting in. Meanwhile, on Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** is here with his quintet, which features vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON,** through Sunday, Dec. 27; on Tuesday, Dec. 29, trumpeter and mumbler **CLARK TERRY** will bring in his sweet-sounding quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and veteran bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, trumpeter and vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM;** Sunday, Dec. 27, Two Tenor Boogie; Wednesday, Dec. 30, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet. Mondays and New Year's Eve are saxophonist Percy France nights, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Manhattans and **the Stylistics**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 11.

Ian Hunter and **Mink DeVille**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30 and 11:30, and Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-30, at 10.

Gang of Four, Bush Tetras, and **Bad Brains**—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Miles Davis—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 10.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 9: Tex Allen. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 9: Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 9: Sonny Fortune, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, Billy Hart, and Woody Shaw. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buck Hill, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, and Billy Hart. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesday, Dec. 29: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30: Hilton Ruiz trio. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will also be closed on various other days during the holiday season, and early closings are to be expected on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georg Baselitz—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by this German artist. Through Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Brooke Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is showing woodcuts, etchings, and linoleum cuts. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975) / **Carol Sutton**—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. / Color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Willard Boepple—Stainless-steel ladders and other sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Robert M. Kulicke—A new set of small-scale fruit and flower still-lifes; also jewelry made by him with Bessie Jamieson. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Robert Lostutter—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano / John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Smooth and textured abstract stone sculptures. Through Jan. 9. / Watercolors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

David Roth—Liquitex-and-string works. Through Jan. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Robert Vickrey—Egg-tempera paintings by a realist. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Abstract cityscapes dated 1931-33. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

James Weeks—Small-scale oils and drawings: figure studies (nudes, mostly) and still-lifes, all from the sixties. Through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Group Shows—At **Hirschl & Adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings—sixty works in all. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Paul Rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Prud'hon, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Feb. 20. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: Drawings predominate in a show of nineteenth-century works by European (largely French) painters and sculptors. Through Jan. 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Sondra Freckelton—Large-scale watercolors of gardens and quilts and furniture and flowering plants. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946) / **Konrad Cramer** (1888-1963)—Still-lifes in oils applied with a palette knife. / Still-lifes by a modernist. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Ellen Sragow, 80 Fifth Ave., at 14th St., is showing fifty prints, drawings, and photographs by Mr. Cramer. Through Jan. 16.

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts of nude and partially draped models. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Richard Haas—Photographs and models of some of the trompe-l'oeil façades he has painted on buildings, among them his first mural, at 112 Prince Street. Through Jan. 15. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Roberto Juarez / Joseph Bruguière (1879-1945)—Paintings on canvas and paper. / Photographs: cut-paper abstractions and other experimental works from the twenties. Through Jan. 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Simeon Lagodich—Precisionist watercolors of hothouse palms and flowers. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Andrew Lord—Earthenware sculptures. Through Jan. 16. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturdays.)

Sven Lukin—Plywood sculptures, generally in the shape of birds' wings, bound with painted muslin. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Markus Lüpertz—Paintings (oils and gouaches) and sculptures (painted bronzes) by a member of a new group of German Expressionists. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—Color-field paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

William Palmer—Landscapes, some of which the artist looks out upon from his upstate-New York studio windows. Through Jan. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Watercolor paintings of the Himalayas and watercolor portraits of friends. Through Jan. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30. A small show of prints is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67) / **Hans Namuth**—Watercolors and a few oils from 1945 to 1951, predating his monochromatic compositions. / Seventy photographs of artists, among them Saul Steinberg, Ad Reinhardt, Louise Nevelson, and Joseph Beuys. Through Jan. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Stephen Mazoh & Co., 13 E. 76th St., is showing ten oils by Reinhardt which date from 1937 to 1952. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Rembrandt—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

James Rosati—About twenty abstract metal sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract watercolors. Through Jan. 9. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Hanne Tierney—Marionettes: some built to human scale, others (not as large) alluding to, rather than representing, figures. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

William T. Wiley—New paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays, but will be closed Dec. 26.)

Jim Youngerman—Narrative watercolors; some are remakes of familiar works with alterations and additions—an electric fan in Jan van Eyck's "Arnolfini's Wedding." Through Jan. 9. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **Pam Adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright, Cynthia Carlson, Jonathan Santlofer, and David Sharpe; and constructions by D. Jack Solomon. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **Galerie St. Etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **Gladstone,** 41 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and constructions resembling or incorporating functional objects (bird cages, vacuum cleaners), by six artists: Gib Smith, Jeff Koons, Jo Shane, R. M. Fischer, Calvin Churchman, and Judith Shea. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings and sculptures reflecting early-twentieth-century European movements, from Fauvism to Surrealism—Matisse's "Pink Nude," from the Baltimore Museum, for example, and Malevich's "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and White Square," from the Modern. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Thursdays and Saturdays.) . . . **Kraushaar,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new

LA'SZLO
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Handmade, one-of-a-kind books by Roz Chast, Bilgé Friedlaender, and thirty-six others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Balthus, Vija Celmins, Irving Petlin, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Original drawings by designers for the stage, including Santo Loquasto, Carrie F. Robbins, and Tony Walton. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Swain, Dee Shapiro, Edgar Buonagurio, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rainer Fetting—Figurative paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturdays.)

John Mason—Drawings and sculptures by an artist represented in the Whitney's current show of ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Carolyn Parker / Jackie Carson—Photo-Realist paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Mary Shaffer / Gerald Horn—Abstract glass sculptures. / Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Leon Polk Smith—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Susan Weil—Drawings based on Muybridge's locomotion studies; also prints. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **CONCORD,** 451 Broome St.: Paintings and other works on religious themes but not necessarily reverential. For instance, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt uses tinfoil to make an altar, and Italo Scanga's representation of Jesus is a stick figure on a carved totem. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY,** 386 West Broadway: Realist paintings and sculptures by both regular and invited artists: Lois Dodd, Paul Resika, Robert Birmelin, Lennart Anderson, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Three artists: Joseph Raffael showing flower and fish monotypes, Alan Siegel showing chair forms, and Philip Wofford exhibiting abstract drawings and prints. Through Jan. 13. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **INGBER,** 460 West Broadway: Very small works (Man Ray's 7½-by-9½-inch collage is a comparatively large one) by Lindner, Tobey, and others. Through Jan. 6. . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Recent paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the seventy-three artists who have had shows here since the gallery opened a decade ago. Through Jan. 6. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays. They will be closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **MARINO,** 489 Broome St.: Works on paper, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PROTETCH,** in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, John Hejduk, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 23. (Opens at noon; closed Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Large-scale drawings by ten artists, including David Deutsch, Elizabeth Murray, Richard Serra, and Jody Pinto. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

OTHER GALLERIES

George Luks (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Kazuo Shinohara—Photographic blowups, models, floor plans, and section drawings for eleven private houses by this Japanese architect. Through Jan. 8. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Thursdays and Saturdays.)

Group Show—Works on paper in diverse styles and mediums by seven artists, among them Sharon Gold and Alan Saret. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another room at the Center: A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. (Through Jan. 10.)

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

E. J. Bellocq (1873-1949)—The first exhibition of all eighty-eight of his portraits of Storyville prostitutes. They were printed by Lee Friedlander from Bellocq's glass-plate negatives. Through Jan. 9. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

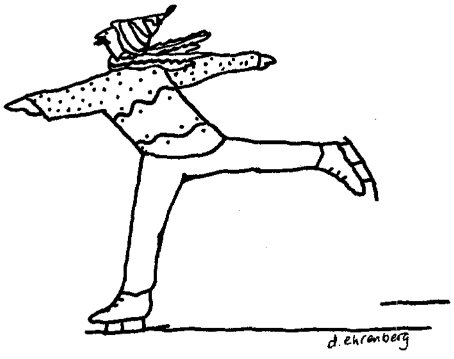
Richard Benson—Photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge and other subjects. Through Jan. 9. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Paul Cava—Photographic collages and montages. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Photogravures (and two platinum prints) of North American Indians. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

Gerald Incandela—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Barbara Morgan—Six vintage photographs, thirty-five works recently printed, and four other works printed in editions. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Ben Ross—Portraits of the celebrated (Harpo Marx, Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon) and of the not so celebrated by a photojournalist whose work has appeared in *Life*, *Newsweek*, and similar publications. Through Jan. 29. (Modernage, 18 Vesey St., between Broadway and Church St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

George A. Tice—A retrospective of photographs from the past three decades. Through Jan. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, 10 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: Vintage prints by Ansel Adams, Ruth Bernhard, Alfred Stieglitz, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Opens at noon. Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A tenth-anniversary show of recent work by twenty-four photographers associated with the gallery; among them are Harry Callahan, Frank Gohlke, Emmet Gowin, Robert Heinecken, and Linda Connor. Through Jan. 23. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. A 1770 French evening gown and a 1759 wedding dress from the Netherlands are two of nearly a hundred and twenty-five costumes worn by nearly a hundred and twenty-five mannequins; almost all are creations of embroidered silks appointed with lace and ribbons, but here and there there are examples of clothes designed for outings of lesser extravagance, such as riding habits and a red woollen hooded cape from 1775 America. . . . ¶ A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works date from the thirties. Through Jan. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except

Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Twenty hand-colored aquatints by Robert Andrew Parker. Through Jan. 24. (A complementary show is at Terry Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." All the works are from the John M. Crawford, Jr., Collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Thursday, Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A reduced version of "Writing and Reading," a show that opened in early fall. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A

Mouton Cadet is available through the gift-giving service, "Wines by Wire." 800-223-2660, in N.Y. 212-685-2100.

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, SOLE U.S. AGENTS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ENJOYED BY MORE DISCERNING PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER BORDEAUX WINE IN THE WORLD.

BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD'S

MOUTON-CADET

RED, WHITE AND CADET-ROSÉ

MOUTON-CADET
MOUTON-CADET
CADET-ROSÉ

hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor) but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Just Above Midtown / Downtown, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.—John Cage, Jessica Hagedorn, Geoffrey Holder, William Hellermann, Martin Mull, and Diane Keaton are among the artists, better known for their other talents, who will be showing paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 2.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 6.—An exhibition of photographs and video by Kevin Noble; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Franz Mazura. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson and Ariel Bybee; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Franz Mazura. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Ariel Bybee; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Franz Mazura. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine.

The Play of St. Nicholas—Final performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music and the Cathedral Choristers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

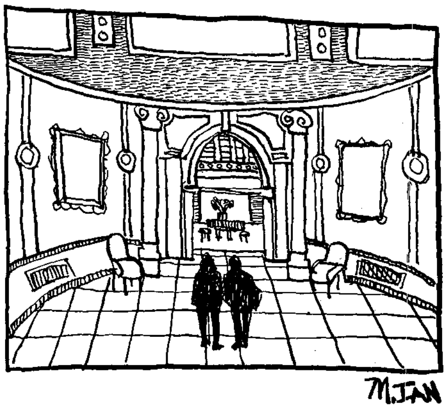
New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Johann Strauss on Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert). On Tuesday and Wednesday the soloists will be Wilfred Delphin and Edwin Romain, duo piano, and Philip Smith, trumpet; on Thursday the soloists will be Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Mr. Smith.

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight, a Corelli-Bach program, and Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8, a Haydn-Stravinsky-Mozart program, with Schlomo Mintz, violin.)

Brandenburg Concertos—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Y Chamber Symphony in five performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 29-31, at 8.)

Bach Ensemble—Joshua Rifkin conducting a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Judith Nelson and Julianne Baird, sopranos; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Constance Beavon and Victoria Grof, mezzo-sopranos; Robert Guarino and Grayson Hirst, tenors; William Metcalf and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 6:30.)



New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a Renaissance Christmas program. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Music Before 1800—The sixth in a series of eight recitals will be performed by the Corpus Christi Choir & Instrumentalists. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Louise Schulman conducting a program of Spanish Renaissance music, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New Year's Eve Concert—A benefit concert for the Musicians Foundation and Carnegie Hall. The participants include Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Istomin, Benita Valente, Leonard Rose, and Isaac Stern. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Friday, Dec. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Monday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 30. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 2. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Display Handicap, Thursday, Dec. 31, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . **meadowlands:** Final days Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 8; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 8; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1:30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Jan. 1, through Friday, March 12.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Allen Ginsberg and Jim Carroll reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Monday, Dec. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ The eighth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by more than a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8, through the evening of Saturday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional walk-through model of Manhattan is back, with a taxi that can be climbed into (complete with passenger and talking driver) and a tableau depicting the purchase of the island from the Indians. (Burlington House lobby, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 6; entrance fee of $2 or less, depending.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Christmas Eve.)
Through Dec. 27: "Over the Edge" (1979; directed by Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.
From Dec. 29: A week-long program of Italian animated films (full-length and short) by Bruno Bozzetto.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 24: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.
From Dec. 25: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 24: "Mommie Dearest" (†) and "Chinatown." (†)
Dec. 25-31: "Arthur" (†); and "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Jan. 1: "Arthur" (†) and "Nine to Five." (†)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime." (†)
Theatre 2: "Reds." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

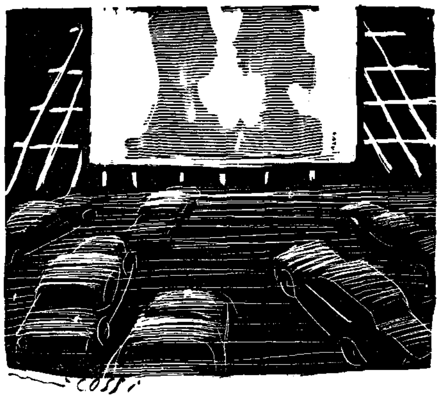
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 24: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Dec. 25-31: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
From Jan. 1: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Infra-Man" (1976; directed by Hua Shan).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Land of Silence and Darkness" (Werner Herzog; in German); and "Last Words" (Werner Herzog; in German). Dec. 25-29: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "La Soufrière" (1978; Werner Herzog). From Dec. 30: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 25: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Pixote." (†) From Dec. 25: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: "True Confessions." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pennies from Heaven." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Four Friends" (Arthur Penn), with Craig Wasson.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maximilian Schell; in German).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara. From Dec. 25: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs." (†) From Dec. 25: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "The Devil's Playground." (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Dec. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Dec. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Kagemusha" (†) and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre." (†) From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush),

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: "Spaced Out" (Norman J. Warren), with Barry Stokes and Tony Malden; and "The Groove Tube." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle" (1978; François Leterrier), with Sylvia Kristel. From Dec. 25: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From Dec. 25: "Fighting Mad."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 25: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 24: "Arthur." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 24: Three Bruce Lee films.
Dec. 25-31: "Mystery of Chess Boxing."
From Jan. 1: Theatre temporarily closed.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 23: "Modern Times" (1936) and "The Great Dictator" (1940), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Dec. 24: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968; Robert Aldrich), with Beryl Reid and Susannah York; and "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood.
Dec. 25-26: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger.
Dec. 27-28: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Dec. 29: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
Dec. 30: "Ulysses" (†) and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man." (†)
Dec. 31: "The Gay Deceivers" (1969; Bruce Kessler), with Kevin Coughlin and Larry Casey; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill.
Jan. 1-2: "Altered States" (†); and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 23: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Dec. 24: "Children of Paradise."
Dec. 25: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston; and a program of Popeye cartoons.
Dec. 26: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Dec. 27: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards; and "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Stanley Donen), with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd.
Dec. 28: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers;" "It's Always Fair Weather;" "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, Edith Evans, and Joan Greenwood; and "The Beggar's Opera" (1953; Peter Brook), with Laurence Olivier.
Dec. 29: "Tom Jones;" "The Beggar's Opera;" and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Dec. 30: "Hair;" "A Little Romance" (1979; George Roy Hill), with Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, and Sally Kellerman; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Dec. 31: "A Little Romance;" "Day for Night;" "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak.
Jan. 1: "The Pirate;" "An American in Paris;" "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, Irene Papas, and Lila Kedrova; and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley.
Jan. 2: "Zorba the Greek;" and "Topkapi."

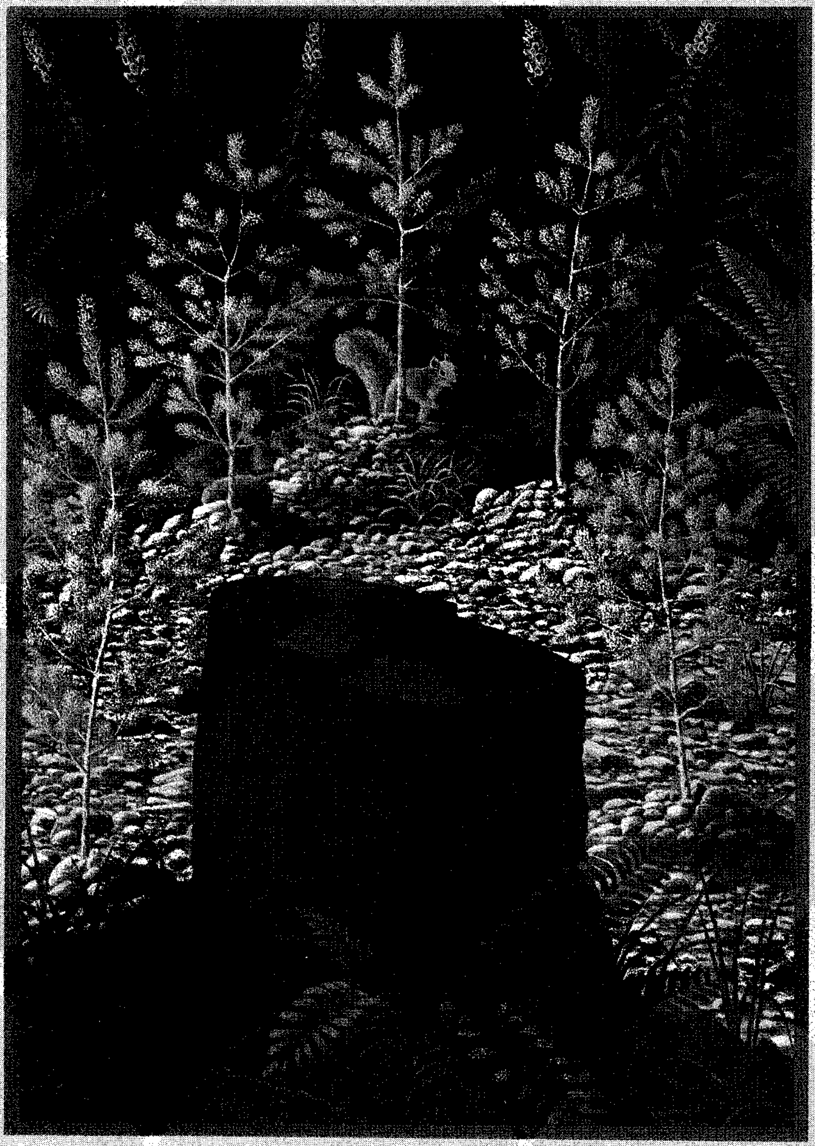
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 24: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
Dec. 25-26: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
Dec. 27-29: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Dec. 30-31: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Jan. 1-2: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner), "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), and "College" (1927; James Horne), all silent films, with Buster Keaton.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 24: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).
From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 26: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958; Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, and Hermione Gingold; and "Scrooge" (1970; Ronald Neame), with Albert Finney and Alec Guinness.
Dec. 27-29: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 30-Jan. 2: "A Night at the Opera" (†); and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 26: "King of Hearts" (1967;

Why we take care of our trees.



If you were a farmer whose only crop had a 50 year growing cycle, you'd take very good care of it, right? Well, we are that farmer. Our crop takes 50 years, on average, to reach maturity.

That's why we plant up to six seedlings for every tree we harvest, why we nurture them, prune them, thin them, protect them from insects, disease and fire.

That's why we continually explore new forest management techniques that promise more trees per acre, and new manufacturing processes that promise more wood and paper per tree.

That's why we increasingly use what once was wasted, either to make products like yeast, chunk bark and particleboard, or to generate energy.

It's a matter of self-interest, finally. Only by managing our trees prudently can we provide the jobs, products and profits we all need and the forests we all love.

Boise Cascade Corporation
Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

Grow corn with an Apple.

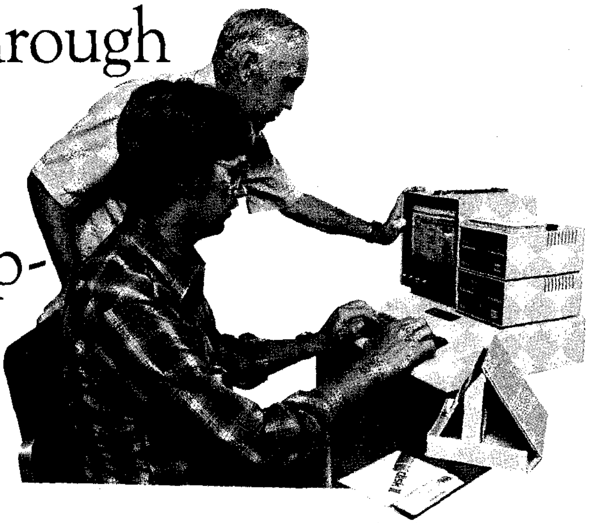
If you'd like to be the best in your field, consider how Ron Raikes got to be the best in his. Which happens to be in Nebraska and has a lot of corn growing out of it.

For over 40 years, Ron's father, Ralph, has used innovative methods to keep the farm a growing concern. Now Ron's doing the same.

For under $3,000, he got himself a complete Apple Personal Computer system. And it's

become as important to him as his $25,000 tractor.

In minutes, it plows through paperwork that used to take hours — printing out cash flow and balance sheets, keeping records on equipment, finances, livestock and anything else that crops up.



Because it can juggle so many variables — from the morning's quote on soy beans to the cost of diesel fuel — it helps Ron make big decisions. Fast. Should he hold a crop off the market? How will two more weeks of drought affect prices? What should he plant and when? His Apple helps him decide.

Whatever business you're in, an Apple can help you work smarter.

There are more ready-to-use programs for Apples than for any other system you can buy. And more full-service dealers to show you how to use them — over 1,000 nationwide. Visit one.

Then go forth, be fruitful and prosper.

The personal computer. apple®

For the authorized dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In California, call (800) 662-9238. Or write: Apple Computer Inc., 10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014.

"YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST THE TASTE OF A BOLLA"

—Franco Bolla

BOL
VALPOLIC
FRABO S.P.A.
BOLLA
TREBBIANO

"Why do so many people prefer the Bolla family of great wines?

"Taste. Not just exceptional taste, but exceptional taste, bottle after bottle. So whether you choose the full-flavored Valpolicella, the mellow Bardolino, the crisp, refreshing Soave or the light, dry Trebbiano, you won't be disappointed. No matter how many times you choose it. After all, when you're a Bolla, you don't let your friends down."

FROM THE BOLLA
FAMILY OF GREAT WINES.
IMPORTED BY THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., N.Y., N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

Dec. 27-29: "All That Jazz" (†) and "The Turning Point." (†)

Dec. 30-Jan. 2: "The Stunt Man"(†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlowe, Private Eye;" 1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 26: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Dec. 27-29: "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Manchester, and Una O'Connor.

Dec. 30-Jan. 2: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Riding High" (1950; Frank Capra), with Bing Crosby and Coleen Gray.

Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

Dec. 27: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Dec. 28: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940; Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Elephant Boy" (1937; Robert Flaherty and Zoltán Korda), with Sabu.

Dec. 29: "Nicholas Nickleby" (†) and "Oliver Twist." (†)

Dec. 30: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and four 1917 Chaplin short films—"Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer."

Dec. 31: A program of filmed performances by jazz musicians such as Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Roy Eldridge, and Anita O'Day.

Jan. 1-2: A program of eleven short surrealist films, including Hans Richter's "Rhythmus 21" and Man Ray's "Emak Bakia."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Dec. 27: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Dec. 28: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Dec. 29: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Dec. 30: "My Little Chickadee" (†) and "Belle of the Nineties." (†)

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston

In Scandinavia discover the difference between travel and Lindblad Travel

As far back as we go in recorded history, the sea has been the lifeblood of man.

Early humans in search of food and transportation settled by the sea, facing their villages toward the water. Visitors—friend or foe, entered from the sea, through the "front door."

Lindblad Travel has created a new and different series of cruise programs that takes you to the most beautiful areas of Scandinavia through that "front door."

Aboard our new ship, the M.S. *Lindblad Polaris**, you gain your first sight of a skyline materializing over the horizon, or you spot a sleepy village as our ship rounds the point of a quaint little island.

The fully air-conditioned *Lindblad Polaris* accommodates 79 passengers in luxurious comfort. You enjoy a very special kind of luxury—the privacy of a relatively small ship which enables you to better absorb the native atmosphere. Also, the compact nature of the *Lindblad Polaris* lets us enter ports inaccessible to larger vessels. Then our handy fleet of rubber Zodiacs takes us ashore in shallow waters not reached by our ship.

Officers and crew aboard are Swedish, the menu and cuisine are of exceptional quality. Experts share their knowledge with you in lectures and briefings. New perspectives of Scandinavian history, culture and nature will be opened to you.

A series of one-week cruise programs, starting either in Copenhagen, Helsinki, Stockholm or Trondheim every Sunday through the summer of 1982, have been designed so that you can book a one, two, three or four-week cruise and then split it if you want to devote time in between for other travel purposes. On the full four weeks aboard, you visit most of Scandinavia's capitals plus magnificent Leningrad, Tallinn and Riga. You enjoy the beauties of the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, the Baltic Sea and the Norwegian coast with its splendid fjords.

Yes, aboard the *Lindblad Polaris* you'll discover a different and memorable Scandinavia through its "front door."

*Registered in Sweden

To obtain a brochure describing our *Scandinavian Waterways* cruise programs call (203) 226-4189, ask your Travel Agent or write:

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
8 Wright Street, P.O. Box 912, Westport, CT 06881 USA Telex 643443

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip ____________
NY12-28

Travel Agent ____________________

Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.
Jan. 2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, with English subtitles: Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Ces Messieurs de la Santé" (1933; directed by Pierre Colombier), with Raimu, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Baroux. . . . Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Goupi Mains-rouges" (1943; Jacques Becker), with Fernand Ledoux, Robert Le Vigan, and Blanchette Brunoy. . . . Dec. 26 at 5: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina), with Louise Brooks. . . . Dec. 27 at 2:30: "L'Aigle à Deux Têtes" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Edwige Feuillère, Jean Marais, and Jean Debucourt. . . . Dec. 27 at 5: "L'Assassinat du Père Noël" (1941; Christian-Jaque), with Harry Baur, Raymond Rouleau, and Renée Faure. . . . Dec. 28 at 2:30: "L'Idiot" (1946; Georges Lampin), with Gérard Philipe, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Coëdel. . . . Dec. 28 at 6: "La Chartreuse de Parme" (1947; Christian-Jaque), with Maria Casarès, Gérard Philipe, Renée Faure, and Lucien Coëdel. . . . Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947; Jean Delannoy), with Micheline Presle, Marcel Pagliero, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . Dec. 29 at 6: "Justin de Marseille" (1935; Maurice Tourneur), with Berval and Pierre Parquey. . . . Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Lumière d'Été" (1943; Jean Grémillon; no English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud, Paul Bernard, Pierre Brasseur, and Madeleine Robinson. . . . Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Prix de Beauté." . . . Jan. 1 at 6: "Goupi Mains-rouges." . . . Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Les Rendez-vous de Juillet" (1949; Jacques Becker), with Daniel Gélin and Nicole Courcel. . . . Jan. 2 at 5: "Quatorze Juillet" (1932; René Clair), with Annabella. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Dec. 26 at noon: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood, and Edmund Gwenn. . . . Dec. 27 at noon: "The Bicycle Thief" (1948; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . Dec. 28-29 at noon: "Brooklyn Bridge" (1981; Ken Burns). . . . Jan. 2 at noon: "The Bicycle Thief." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Fire Walls Four" (1981; Bill Stephens), a multi-channel video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 23 at 8: "Oktyabr" (1928; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8: "Nanook of the North" (1922; Robert Flaherty), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "Ivan Grozny, Parts 1 and 2" (1945; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: "Zorns Lemma" (1970) and "Hapax Legomena I: (nostalgia)" (1971), both films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "Contrathemis" (1941), "Stop Motion Tests" (1942), and "Color Sequence" (1942), all directed by Dwinell Grant; "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950; Jean Genet; in French, with no English subtitles); and "Pull My Daisy" (1959; R. Frank and A. Leslie). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8: A program of five films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915; D. W. Griffith; a silent film).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 27-29.)

Altered States (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (1/19/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 1-2.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Movieland; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 25.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Without Cary Grant, the Mae West pictures didn't have much class, and in this tawdry melodrama, with Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown opposite her, she isn't funny enough, either. But the tawdriness is so explicit in her low-down script (about a nineteenth-century entertainer's romance with a prizefighter) that the movie is rather fascinating, and once again Miss West sings marvellous honky-tonk blues—perhaps even better than usual. This time, the songs include "When a St. Louis Woman Goes Down to New Orleans," "Troubled Waters," "My Old Flame," and "Memphis Blues," and Duke Ellington and his orchestra (sometimes on screen, sometimes off) provide the backing, so one can see Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Cootie Williams, and the whole troupe. Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" can be heard on the soundtrack. Directed by Leo McCarey. With John Miljan and Katherine De Mille. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, with Jean Gabin driving the express train on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Art, and Lincoln Plaza; starting Dec. 25.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

The Devil's Playground (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping, "They nearly had me." (12/7/81) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Criterion Theatres.)

Kagemusha (1980; "The Shadow Warrior")—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threes. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Olympia Quad; through Dec. 24.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star. Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—A classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields (it's the only time they acted together), this satire of Westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Mae West is rather slowed down by the censors breathing down her décolletage, but even though she is less bawdy and rather more grotesque than at her best, she is still overwhelming. Fields is in better form: whether cheating at cards, or kissing Mae West's hand ("What symmetrical digits!"), or spending his wedding night with a goat, he remains the scowling, snarling misanthrope. Fields and West, who wrote most of their own vehicles, collaborated on the script. Directed by Edward Cline; with Joseph Calleia, Margaret Hamilton, and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti, the Brazilian who was active in the French-film avant-garde of the twenties, is best known in this country for his direction of the ventriloquist episode in "Dead of Night." His fast-moving, English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. The action moves from Dotheboys Hall, where the odious Squeerses board unwanted children, to the King's Bench Prison, where debtors not yet utterly destitute are held. John Dighton did the adaptation. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers sometimes said that this was their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. (If you ever could listen to "Il Trovatore" with a straight face, you can never do so again.) Many writers have tried to analyze Marx Brothers wit, coming up with little monographs on "dissociated thinking," "disguised social protest," or "commedia dell'arte." Think about it too much and sanity, like a lettuce leaf, begins to wilt and curl at the edges. The Marx Brothers keep turning corners you didn't know were there, and while you're trying to break down the content of lines like Groucho's "You big bully, why are you hitting that little bully?," you miss the series of non sequiturs that are piling up on top of it. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind did the script, from a story by James Kevin McGuinnes, with additional material by Al Boasberg; Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grande-dame inamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges. (Her smirking dowager is rather like a comic derivative of Edna Purviance in Chaplin's movies.) There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, whom Irving Thalberg, the producer and a master diagnostician of popular taste, put in for people (*what* people?) to "identify with," and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. (Incredible as it may seem, the banal romantic melodrama that intermittently wrecks the movie proved sound at the box office.) This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. With Sig Rumann. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
50 LANES
BOWLING
Markow

Nine to Five (1980)—A feminist-revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 1.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre (1979)—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Olympia Quad; through Dec. 24.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—In the person of Alec Guinness, Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, has a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel right after he did "Great Expectations" (that was Guinness's first film; this is his second), but it ran into some troubles over here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Jewish, and pressure groups objected to such a low Jewish character; with seven minutes of offending closeups and profiles excised, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. (In a later period, the film would probably have been protested by gay activists as well, because Fagin comes across as a malignant old homosexual.) The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and the movie in its fidelity is sometimes cruel to the audience, especially in the terrifying scene when Bill Sikes (Robert Newton) murders Nancy (Kay Walsh), because she tried to help Oliver. (You can tell when it's coming; you may want to take your small children into the lobby.) With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger, and Diana Dors, Kathleen Harrison, Henry Stephenson, Mary Clare, Ivor Barnard, and Peter Bull. Screenplay by Lean and Stanley Haynes; music by Sir Arnold Bax. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I.)

Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge. But he didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary; it's still quite a plunge. (There are breathtaking re-creations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.) (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

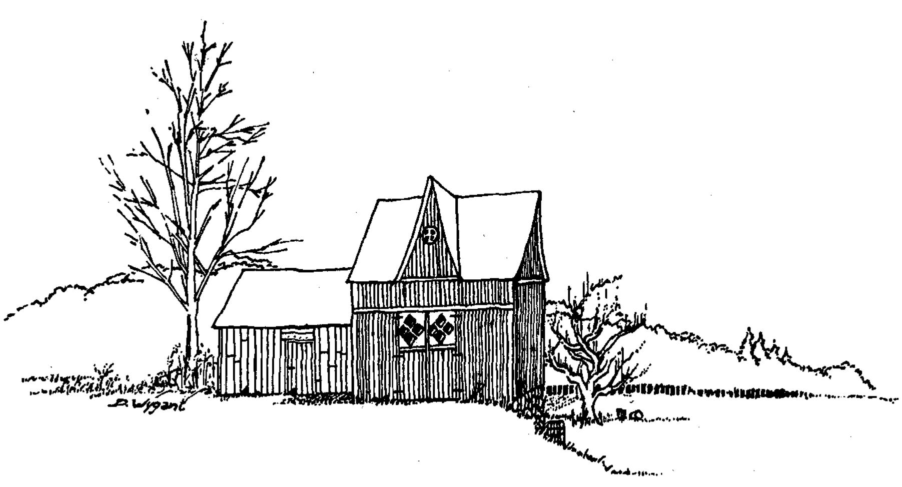
Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews State.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1 . . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 25.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. In the first half, she's presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile, dissatisfied woman, and the film moves on the messy currents of sexual politics. In the second half, she is made to set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland; she makes her way across the icy tundra in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivagooey), and then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardship to be with her man. This second half moves more swiftly but with conventional epic situations and very familiar visual rhetoric. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g.: Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Stunt Man (1980)—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, Sharon Farrell, Adam Roarke, Alex Rosso, and Chuck Bail. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; music by Dominic Frontiere. (9/29/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a



wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Cinema II.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 24.)

True Confessions—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 24.)

The Turning Point (1977)—This is a forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen-acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance helped to make the film a box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unexcitingly; there's no visual sweep, no lift. The effort here is to domesticate ballet—to remove the taint of European decadence; most of the characters are so heartland ordinary that they disinfect one's imagination. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, Martha Scott, Lisa Lucas, Phillip Saunders, James Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Daniel Levans, Starr Danias, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, Antoinette Sibley, Marcia Haydée, Richard Cragun, Lucette Aldous, Martine Van Hamel, and other dancers. Nora Kaye was the executive producer; Robert Surtees was the cinematographer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 27-29.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Joseph Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but the film he made is merely an act of homage to Joyce's novel in the form of readings from the book plus illustrated slides. A surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown," with some plausible facsimiles of Joyce's characters (Buck Mulligan, particularly), it seems both static and jerky. On the soundtrack are the lines we want to hear, and it's good to be reminded of them, but they don't have the sensuality or the weight that they had in the novel; they're merely quotations from a classic—well selected and intelligently read. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford as Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manahan, and Maureen Potter. Adapted by Strick and Fred Haines. Shot in Dublin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

BRITEX-BY-MAIL BRITISH IMPORT:
EXTRA FINE ALL WOOL
WORSTED GABARDINE

1

BRITEX FABRICS

The very top of the line in wool worsted Super 80 woven selvage gabardines, made in England by a foremost mill. The tailors' choice, in 11 colors: white, winter cream, camel, khaki, hunter green, deep Wedgwood blue, slate grey, wine, navy, dark brown, black. Regularly $59.99 yard, specially priced, $39.99 yard through January 31, 1982.

Send $2 for swatches of our English Gabardine to Dept. NY12-81. Use your VISA, MasterCard, or American Express.

146 Geary / San Francisco / CA 94108

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

"Dirty" Bucks
(For Men and Women)

A classic casual oxford that combines sporty appearance with comfortable wearing qualities. Sueded leather uppers are soft and supple with a duck vamp lining for extra breathability. Leather lined quarters. Sturdy welt construction offers good support. Light in weight, about 1 lb. 15 oz. a pair. Color: Tan with Brick Red outsole and heel. Men's whole and half sizes: 7 to 13 (no size 12½). Three widths: C, D and E. Women's whole and half sizes 5 to 10. N and M widths.

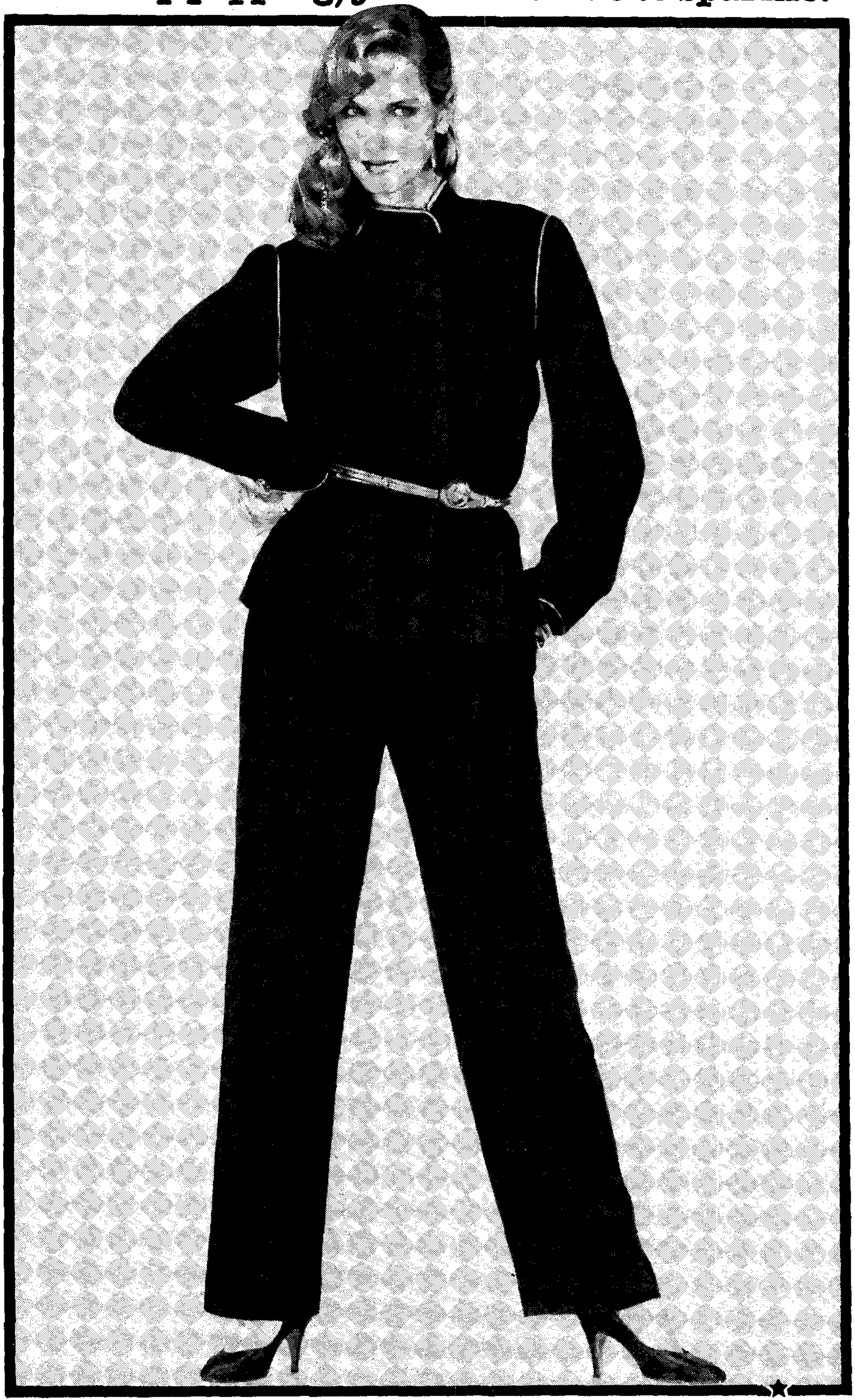
Please Ship Postpaid
________3526W Men's "Dirty" Bucks, $35.75
Size_______ Width_______
________4774W Wm's "Dirty" Bucks, $28.75
Size_______ Width_______
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card Number____________
Exp. Date _______
☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
Name____________
Address____________
City ____________
State_______ Zip_______

L. L. Bean, Inc., 886 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

lloyd williams

Even after the corks stop popping, you'll continue to sparkle.



After the dazzle of the holidays has passed, the subtlety of Lloyd Williams shines through. That's the understatement of his tissue faille trimmed with Lurex® metallic. Asymmetric band collar blouse, $64. Pleated pant, $64. Both in rayon/acetate for sizes 4 to 14. Clubhouse (D.239), 3rd Floor, Herald Square and selected branches. Macy's welcomes the American Express® Card. Or, use your Macy's charge.

Macy's Buy Appointment (M.B.A.) is ready to help you coordinate a very special wardrobe. Linda Lee and her staff of fashion consultants are located on the 3rd floor. Call 560-4181 for an appointment.

macy's
New York

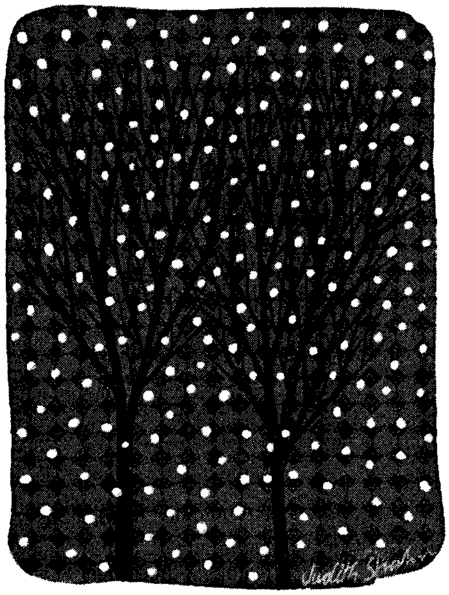
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the heels of the success of the Voyager 2 spacecraft, which flew by Saturn last August, sending back a brilliant array of pictures and other information about the planet, its rings, and its moons, the Office of Management and Budget in Washington, as part of the Administration's plans to cut government spending, has proposed cutting the funds of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration so that the money available to it would be sufficient to cover mainly operations of the space shuttle which for reasons of national defense it was committed to carrying out, the result being the curtailment or elimination of many other NASA programs, including, most spectacularly, the planetary one. To the Voyager scientists, the situation is incomprehensible, since the entire planetary program uses only three per cent of NASA's budget, which itself represents about one per cent of the national budget. The cuts would mean that several interplanetary missions that had been under consideration—one to Halley's comet, another to Venus in order to map that planet through its clouds—would be out of the question. And even though the government has already spent about three hundred million dollars on the Galileo mission to orbit Jupiter and its dozen-odd moons, and also to drop a probe into the planet itself, that mission would almost certainly be scrapped. If worst came to worst, the network of deep-space antennas around the world for listening to planetary spacecraft would be shut down, so that when Voyager arrives four years from now at Uranus and three years after that at Neptune no one would be able to listen to it. (Though the latest word is that this won't happen, the scientists are not entirely easy about it.) In September and October, when Voyager scientists were supposed to be going over the data from Saturn and writing their preliminary report, many of them were flying repeatedly to Washington from Voyager's headquarters, often on night planes called "red-eye specials," to do what lobbying they could. The National Academy of Sciences, which has guided the nation's space-science program, made strong supporting recommendations. Last October, two Voyager scientists—David Morrison, who was then the chairman of the division for planetary sciences of the American Astronomical Society, and Carl Sagan, who is the president of a newly formed group called the Planetary Society—wrote a joint letter to Edwin Meese, Counsellor to President Reagan, which said, in part:

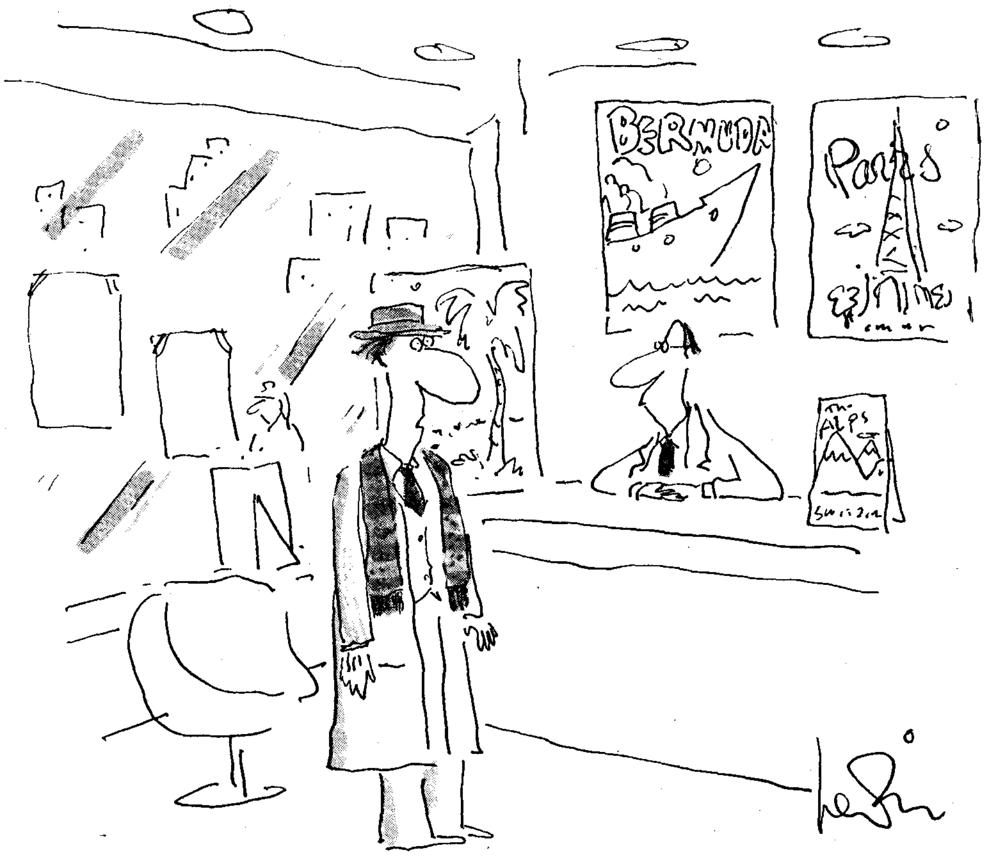
> We are writing out of deep concern for the future of this nation's commitment to the exploration of the solar system—an extraordinary technological triumph in which American spacecraft have visited, for the first time in human history, forty new worlds. . . . We recognize the efforts being made to reduce unnecessary federal spending. But we also recognize that there are some activities that can only be supported by the Federal government, and that are critical to our national and global future. . . . The pioneering accomplishments of the Vikings and Voyagers and their predecessors have captured the interest and imagination, not only of millions of Americans, but of multitudes around the world. Even those dubious about the policies of the United States have acknowledged the benign influence and technical leadership represented by this endeavor. It is hard to think of another federal program that has been so successful in accomplishing its goals, or so generally recognized as positive in its effects. It is an example of what we do best.



Early this month, despite these and other arguments, the new Presidential Science Adviser, George Keyworth, made recommendations to President Reagan that effectively endorsed the Office of Management and Budget's proposals by urging a halt to all new planetary missions for at least a decade. The O.M.B., it is reported, definitely plans to cancel Galileo, and virtually eliminate the rest of the planetary program, within weeks. According to Michael Belton, who has just succeeded Morrison as chairman of the American Astronomical Society's division for planetary sciences, the proposed cuts would mean the disbanding of the technical team that has made planetary exploration possible, and any future attempt to re-start it would require a program comparable in magnitude to the entire Apollo project.

Endings can often be interpreted in terms of origins, and, politically speaking, the origins of the space program, including the planetary program, lay not in science but in the Cold War, which required us to demonstrate to the world that our rocketry was superior to the Soviet Union's; space was the safest and most dramatic target area. Consequently, the cutbacks of the space budget since 1969, the year of the first moon landing, have been put down to détente and the resulting decrease in the need for flexing muscles in space or anywhere else. In the light of the Administration's hard line toward Moscow and its vast increase of the military budget, however, the scientists find that this explanation for the projected cuts raises more questions than it answers. In any event, over twenty-four years—the Sputnik scare was in 1957—the planetary program has acquired a life and a rationale of its own. Indeed, the true origins of the planetary program go back long before 1957, to those ancient peoples whose space exploration took the form of finding figures in the sky and making up stories about them to explain the sun and the moon, the planets and the stars. Twelve years ago, Robin Brett, who was then head of the geochemistry division of the Manned Spacecraft Center, in Houston, and was about to examine the first rocks to come back from the moon, said, "Can you imagine people living a hundred years from now looking back at us and thinking, That was the time when people were taking trips to the moon and sending unmanned spacecraft to the planets—and then it all stopped? I can't see that happening, except under two circumstances: either in the interim we will have again passed through dark ages or we will have investigated the moon and the planets and found that they weren't worth the effort." Now twelve years of pictures and information from Voyager and its predecessors certainly appear to have ruled out the second explanation. That leaves the first. Last August, though the budget problem had not reached its present crisis, it was definitely in the wind, and as Voyager 2's moment of triumph approached, Bradford Smith, who was the head of the team that would be analyzing the pictures, and who had spent nine years working on the mission, was uncharacteristically gloomy. "Maybe we should quit while we're ahead—practice euthanasia on the spacecraft, by making it self-destruct in the ring plane of Saturn, or something," he said. This did not happen, nor did it need to; several months later, it is clear the destruction of the planetary program is being managed back on earth.

If matters were to take a different turn, Smith said recently, the minimum requirement to keep the technological and scientific teams together—in addition to listening to Voyager when it reaches Uranus, which by itself wouldn't give them enough to do—is the completion of Galileo. Then—beginning, perhaps, in 1985—NASA might embark on a more economical planetary program, which would use standardized spacecraft for simpler, more specific missions.



"I was told to see my travel agent."

• •

Porcelli Brothers, Inc.

THE Porcelli Brothers sell quality meat, eggs, and poultry in a store at 262 Elizabeth Street, near Houston Street. There are four of them involved in the business: Stanley, Louis, and Vincent, who are actually brothers, and Peter, Stanley's son. Stanley is the oldest. He has gray hair and a round face and is short. When he is not hard at work or engaged in conversation, he often whistles brief, unconnected phrases, ostinato. Louis is next in age. He is tall and thin and inclines his head slightly to the right. He is occasionally given to singing quietly in Italian while he works. Vincent is tall and thin and wears glasses and inclines his head slightly to the left. The expression on his face suggests that he is always thinking of something funny. Peter is of medium build and has a round face like his father's, thinning hair, and no apparent eccentricities. Each one of them has dark, friendly eyes and a nose that is proud and imposing in profile. All of them are shy.

No. 262 is part of a long five-story apartment house, painted white, with four levels of metal balconies running the length of the façade, like scaffolding. The block it stands on is up for grabs among the Italians, the Hispanics, the Chinese, the artists, and the wandering population of listless old men who shuffle around the Bowery. This store is new. Until last summer, the Porcelli Brothers had had their store at 179 Prince Street, in SoHo, for forty-four years, which amounts to a lot of dance crazes. Peter found the new store. At the old place, they had no lease. They'd had one once, but it had expired in 1940, and because Peter's grandfather (who had his own store on Sullivan Street) was friends with the landlord, and because the building remained in the landlord's family after he died, they'd never seen any need for another one. The building was sold last spring, and after the new landlord came to Peter in the middle of June and gave him until the end of the month to start paying increased rent or be out he went through a blue period when he thought his father and his uncles would have to retire and he would have to find a job for himself. He had never worked for any but the family business. He began

"It's from Hammacher Schlemmer."

• •

telling his troubles to anyone who would listen at the wholesale meat market when he picked up his orders in the morning, and one day someone said, "Hey, Frank Gengaro, over on Elizabeth Street, is retiring. Why don't you give him a call? You could maybe take over his place." It turned out that Peter knew Frank.

The Porcelli Brothers closed their store on Prince Street at the end of July. (Their lawyer had told them to ignore the landlord's demand to be out in two weeks, and had said they could stay as long as they liked, but once Peter had found the new place he wanted to be gone.) During August, they moved and made improvements in the new store—arranged for shelves, and new windows (the old ones had been painted over by Gengaro, who had a wholesale business), and gates to shelter the new windows at night—and opened on Elizabeth Street, ten blocks east of the old place, in the middle of September.

If you knew the old Porcelli Brothers, you know something about the new. A lot of things are the same. Same courtly manner of service, which was a tradition at the old store. Same butcher-block tables, with the surfaces made wavy and topographical from years of wire-brushing at the end of the day. Same chairs for customers to use while they wait for their orders. (In fact, the one with the wooden seat and the bent-metal frame in the shape of a heart has been with them since 1937.) Same "Shofar Kosher All Beef Franks" sign that was so much a part of the old place. Same Italian-marble table supporting the same scale, on which is written "Fresh Poultry, a Menu Treat Anytime." Same cash register. Same glass-fronted white enamel showcase, although that's been modified. It didn't clear the narrow front door at the new place, even though the door frame had been cut as much as it could be to allow it, so finally the movers backed their truck up to it in frustration and forced it through, and that ripped out the bottom of the case. According to Peter, showcases with glass fronts are hard to find. New ones are prohibitively expensive, and most of those on the secondhand market are the more recent open-top ones—the kind that supermarkets display frozen foods in. That wouldn't do, so he had the bottom and the motor replaced, for eighteen hundred dollars.

One thing that's different is that at the new place they handle less street trade—Elizabeth Street has nowhere near the amount of traffic that Prince Street has—and do more business by phone. Phone orders created a problem when they first opened the new store: instead of buying one, two, or three days' meat at a time, as usual, old customers eager to show their continued support ordered two or three *weeks'* lamb chops, pork roasts, beefsteaks, chickens, hamburgers, and sausage at one shot, and that made it hard for Peter to know how to shop. He never knew what to expect. Not only that but, following the rush of orders, the phone didn't ring much for a couple of weeks, while people used up their stocks. Things are settling down now, though.

They also have a new delivery boy. He is thirteen and his name is Andy. He is tall and lean, and has a handsome face combined with a presence that will keep him from being overlooked at parties. Several evenings a week, he and Peter go out in the van (same van, 1977 GMC, chocolate brown inside and out) and make deliveries in SoHo and the Village. They couldn't have done this at the old place, because evening was the busiest time of day. As far as Peter is concerned, the biggest difference between the two stores is the layout. The old place was longer and wider than the new one. "This place is more or less the same," he says. "Just that it's short."

Aerobic

ONE Sunday afternoon, about seven hundred women and three men gathered in an organized manner on the dance floor of Bond's International Casino, a spacious discothèque just off Times Square, for a four-hour-long aerobic-dance marathon held as a benefit for the Special Olympics. All the participants wore identical white gym shorts and identical royal-blue T-shirts on which the logo "Aerobic Dancing by Jacki Sorensen" was stencilled. The marathoners were also active participants in classes run by Aerobic Dancing by Jacki Sorensen, which is the most popular outfit in its field; Jacki Sorensen is considered to be the preëminent choreographer of an activity that combines jogging, calisthenics, dancing, and a cheery attitude reminiscent of a high-school Leaders' Club. For this event, the dancers were as ebullient as children. Onstage, several instructors of aerobic-dance classes, with their backs to the crowd, were leading the rest by example through a series of complicated steps and flails and kicks. The dancers responded in near-unison. The instructors wore white T-shirts with the "Aerobic Dancing by Jacki Sorensen" logo. They were also ebullient, but in control. From the rear of the cavernous room, it all looked like a coffee-break warmup program at a Japanese factory. From the middle of the room, it looked like a giant chorus line that was as democratically populated as a Phil Donahue studio audience.

One of the aerobic dancers, a petite woman of thirty named Carol Belth, told us, "I love the people I take classes with. Great people. Judy works at Western Publishing—she edits the Betty Crocker cookbooks. Betsy works at ABC. Mary Rita is a travel agent. Lisa works at William Esty, which is an ad agency. Marsha works for Xerox. Pat works in showroom sales, where she handles giftwares. I mean, we have people from all walks of life."

The music was a repeating tape loop that featured "America," by Neil Diamond; Dolly Parton's "9 to 5;" and a jazzy-sounding "Thoroughly Modern Millie."

The instructor who seemed to be in charge called, "Two step—roll it!" (two steps to the right or left, handclap, followed by a rolling of the shoulders in a hunkered-down position). Then "One step—play it!" (one step forward, with the arms positioned as if they were holding an imaginary guitar). Then "Tom Jones—low to high!" (a backward stagger accompanied by a three-stage upward arm movement). Then "Ichi nee san—lunge it!" (a stationary three-count followed by a lunge into a position where the body rocked on a pivotal leg, like a compass needle). Then "Stop—numbers!" (the dancers stopped dancing but kept their feet moving, cocked their heads to one side, and put a hand on their jugular for about fifteen seconds to check their pulse rate: a procedure followed after every sequence).

One of several guest celebrities representing the Special Olympics was Hollis Copeland, of the New York Knicks. "I never really saw aerobic dancing before, but it always sounded like a female type of event," he remarked to us. "But the thing is, people are having fun and it's for a good purpose. I *am* surprised that there aren't more men here. I mean, socially this would be a bright thing for a fellow to do."

"Did you ever jog?" an instructor, an attractive young blond woman named Mandy Thorp, asked us, and she went on, "Well, some people get a runner's high. This is a similar high. Dancing with a million people all wearing the same T-shirt for a good cause is the most exhilarating experience. It's really Jacki's doing. She's got the best choreography. It's all choreographed for the non-dancer, you see. In the classes, there are no mirrors, and the instructors lead the class with their backs to the students because we're supposed to be role models, not teachers. There's no reprimanding. Everyone does what he or she can."

A stocky young man standing in the spectators' gallery—an elevated backstage area overlooking the entire dance floor—said, "I came with the husband of one of the people in the danceathon. I don't know who Jacki Sorensen is, but I can remember aerobic dancing, if you want to call it that, from a long time ago, when I was a kid at Camp Beaver Lake. Every morning, the whole camp would line up at the flagpole before breakfast and do calisthenics to a record by Robert Preston called 'Go, You Chicken Fat, Go.' The big difference is nobody seemed to like it then."

Jacki Sorensen now entered the lineup of instructors onstage unobtrusively, with her back to the audience, but everyone recognized her by her hair, which is very blond, and her T-shirt, which was red and had "Head Aerobe" written across the back. When she turned to face the audience and was formally introduced, she was met with enthusiastic shouts and the first non-rhythmic handclapping. When the music struck up, Jacki Sorensen reëntered the line, and kicked higher and flailed farther and stepped livelier than anyone else in the room. And seemed happier than anyone else doing it. She was completely ebullient, but supremely in control.

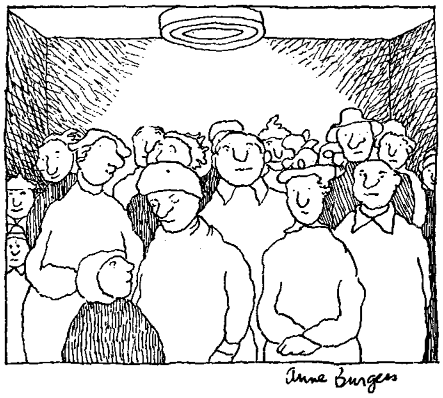
During a break, we followed Jacki Sorensen to the spectators' gallery, where, instead of looking out over the room, she stood by a pipe railing of a rear staircase with no view.

"Come over here. Let me stretch my calves," she said to us as she bowed her head to meet her toes. Jacki Sorensen is in excellent condition. She readily admits to thirty-eight. She speaks breathlessly. "I've been jumping out of planes and into dancing all weekend, so I hope you won't mind if I keep going," she said. "You know, we have danceathons like this one going on in more than a hundred cities."

We asked Jacki Sorensen how Aerobic Dancing by Jacki Sorensen started.

"My first group began with six people in a small studio in South Orange, New Jersey, in January of 1971," she said. "The next week, they brought their friends, and then *they* brought *their* friends, and so on. Now there is a group in every major city. My corporate headquarters is now in Los Angeles. My husband, Neil, handles the business. My joy is to come up with new steps, new dances. I feel like a market researcher. I listen for music, I collect steps, and I have to know what my market wants. I can't go punk, for instance. I have to come up with things that will make the non-dancer feel secure yet challenged. I find steps everywhere. Even the office. Look, I got this from an office." She threw herself into a little routine she calls "Typewriter Combo," which is used during the "9 to 5" number.

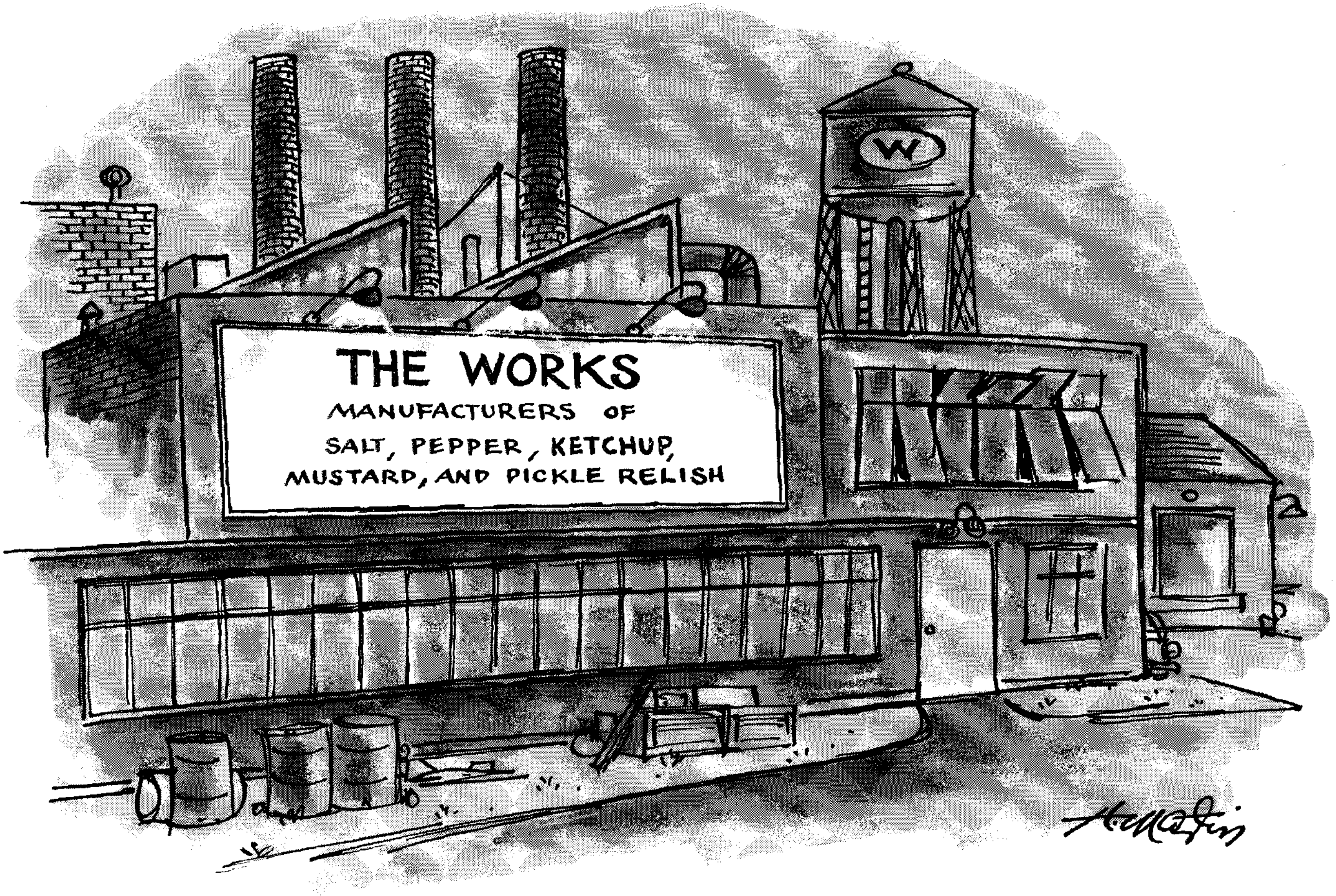
When Jacki Sorensen returned to the railing, she continued, "I'm an extremely intense person, very emotional, but I'm doing something I like very much, so I feel I can sell it, too. And I can pass that intensity on to the students through my choreography, like doing this to my head in the middle of 'America.' " She released the rail and, after lifting one arm and tilting her head to one side, performed a step that made us think of an animated Statue of Liberty. "This way, my students and I get to know one another. It's like having mini-friends."



Mailbag

A FRIEND of ours who lives in Minnesota writes:

There is a small town I used to visit every week to see a tall, black-haired woman who I hoped would marry me. We took long walks from the college she attended to a café downtown and along the river and through


THE WORKS
MANUFACTURERS OF
SALT, PEPPER, KETCHUP, MUSTARD, AND PICKLE RELISH
W

• •

the fairgrounds, where we sat by the boarded-up carrousel. Then we walked back to the college by way of a street that was lined with elms and large, graceful frame houses, including one—a two-story Queen Anne with a big front porch shielded by lilac bushes—that we both said we would love to live in. That was as close as we came to matrimony, sizing up that house, and when she graduated, in 1964, she flew away West, and I didn't find a reason to visit the town again. I have remembered it, though, from those fragrant evenings, as a place where I was young and aching to get started on my life, and as the site of a life I imagined which included her and that house and some other stuff: happiness, tranquillity, and a large family of handsome, intelligent, well-behaved children.

About a year ago, out of nostalgia and also because I like to read small-town papers, I subscribed to the town weekly, which I now read faithfully, and which has shed some new light on an old dream. For one thing, the paper reminds me that it has been some time since we looked at the house: some news items of that year have been reprinted in the "Do You Remember?" column. I'm also reminded that the life I imagined did not feature getting upset about zoning changes, landfill projects, school budgets, tax increases, or bond issues for new sewers, all of which are discussed at length in the news columns and in "Letters to the Editor," where distress and upset are endemic. Nor did I imagine us entertaining as many out-of-town relatives as people do in the "Socials" column. Apparently, my love and I would not have enjoyed as many quiet evenings together as I had thought, what with the dinner guests, and with us running around to meetings; and what quiet evenings there were might have been spoiled by my reading the paper and seeing my love excoriated as a spendthrift liberal leading the town to rack and ruin. (She was a spendthrift liberal when I knew her, but it was between her and me then, and I loved her for it.)

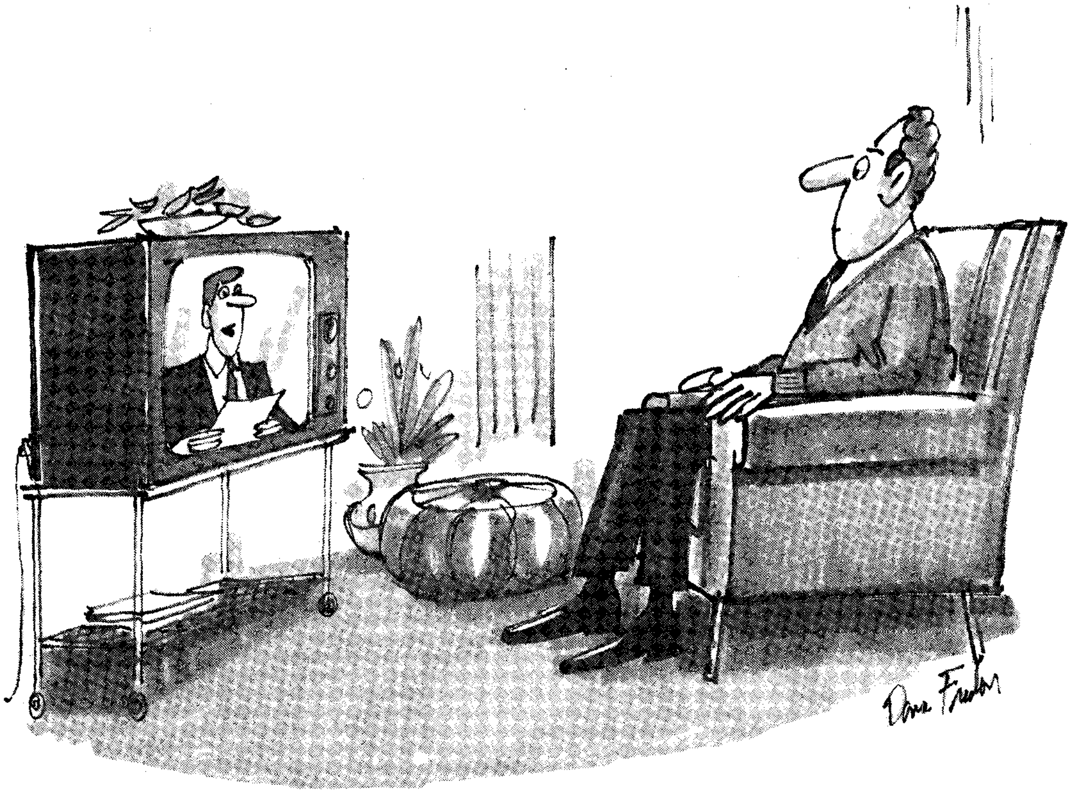
My favorite part of the paper, and a part that sheds light on still another side of our imaginary life together, is "Police Log," a list of all the police calls of the preceding week, day by day. The entry for a not untypical day reads:

> Loud music was reported. . . . A car was emitting black smoke as it was being driven through the streets. . . . A dog was picked up. . . . Pumpkins were reported smashed in the streets. . . . Keys were locked in a car. . . . A dog followed a person home. The owner of the dog was located. . . . It was reported that kids were throwing rocks. They were really using pea-shooters. . . . Keys were locked in a car. . . . A vehicle was reported stolen. It turned out the owner had forgotten where he had parked it. . . . A person was driving erratically. . . . A cat had to be picked up. . . . A person reported strange smoky smells from the basement. . . . Kids were reported to be using foul language.

Some days, several cases of loud music are reported, and then it's quiet until the weekend, but in the meantime dogs wander off and get lost, skunks hole up under porches, deer stroll into town, bats get into bedrooms, cats run up trees, horses stray from home and turn up in someone's yard, and squirrels get caught in the walls. If it's not animals, it's kids: kids are reported to be mooning from car windows or staying out past curfew or racing cars or knocking on windows and shining lights in them or putting detergent in the public fountain. Or you will come on some other problem:

> Someone said they and their neighbors had eggs thrown at them. Officers could not find any evidence of it.

> A nude male climbed into the back of a



"President Reagan today said what he meant and meant what he said."

• •

> pick-up truck in an apartment building parking lot.

> Officers found a fertilizer bag.

> A person was stranded in town, and officers transported him out of town.

> A person locked himself in handcuffs and couldn't find the key. An officer helped him get out.

For each happy event recorded ("A lost child was reported found"), there are a dozen upsetting ones, with keys locked in car leading the list, followed by barking dogs, loud music, and erratic driving.

I never noticed those things on our walks. I was too much in love with the black-haired woman to notice much else, and, besides, we were college students and were more interested in major issues than in dogs or music or driving; also, we were pedestrians, not homeowners, and if there was a disturbance we noticed it only in passing. So I never included disturbances in the life I imagined for us, never imagined skunks under our porch or gas leaks or bats in the bedroom. Never imagined stray cats, stolen mailboxes, strange smoky smells from the basement, obscene phone calls, a shopping cart in the middle of the street, trespassers in the yard, a car that had been parked for several days in front of the house, or any of the other items recorded weekly in "Police Log." Life with her was supposed to be quiet, with an occasional chamber-music concert or Jacques Tati festival or lecture on American folk art at the nearby college. It had nothing to do with smelling gas or seeing suspicious persons.

As a reader of "Police Log," I'm happy not to come on many major crimes, and yet "minor" crimes aren't really minor. If someone throws eggs at your house, you get upset. Erratic drivers can be frightening if you have children—as I imagined we would have. And what if one of our children was reported to be mooning or putting detergent in the fountain? We would be upset (I more than she; she was, after all, a liberal). We would be uneasy about all sorts of things. We would be looking over our shoulders for nude males, loose horses, dogs following us, and we would be wondering if we had locked our keys in the car. Our worries back then, which had to do with term papers and the system of checks and balances, now seem less serious than the thought of our children running around using foul language and setting off firecrackers.

Whenever I read items such as the rock-throwing report (with the rocks turning out to be pea shooters), I realize how uneasy people are who live in the town I imagined her and me living in. "Police Log" is full of complaints that turned out to be unfounded. Someone reports suspicious persons in a store late at night, and they turn out to be employees taking inventory. The kids smoking marijuana on the bridge are actually smoking ordinary cigarettes. A fire at the high school is reported, and it turns out to be the homecoming bonfire. "Two kids were reported to be leaving a house with large bags, but it was the house owner's sons going off to hockey practice." "An urn from the cemetery was reported stolen, but it had been taken out to be refurbished." The person trying to break into a car and steal it turns out to be the car's owner, who has locked his keys in the car and is trying to open the door with a coat hanger. People are jittery in that town, and I guess we might be, too, if we lived there. I'm jittery right now. I live in St. Paul, which is forty miles north of that town, and every night, when I lock the doors, I wonder if I shouldn't buy some additional locks. Nobody has broken into our house yet (the house where I and the lovely woman I actually married live), but we have noticed strange persons in the alley, and once we heard some people in the back yard.

I haven't mentioned the black-haired woman to my wife, lest my wife become suspicious of me. I love my wife. We have led an odd, noisy, troubled life together. I prefer to let that old romance lie where it is—back in that small town where she and I took long walks together a long time ago. It is wonderful to think about how wonderful I thought it would be to live with that woman, whom I have not seen in seventeen years. In that life with her, we never grow older and we never smell strange smoky smells from the basement.

ADVICE

IN the years when I worked at a Yiddish newspaper in New York, giving advice, I heard many bizarre stories. As a rule, those who came to me were readers, not writers. But one time an advice-seeker happened to be a poet, an accountant by profession, whom I often met at meetings of the Yiddish Writers' Union, as well as at the literary cafeteria on East Broadway. His name was Morris Pintchover—a little man with yellow tufts of hair around a bald spot. He had sunken cheeks, a pointed chin, a short nose, and eyes the color of amber. Morris Pintchover dressed like an old-fashioned artist from Europe. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, a flowing tie, and spats over his shoes even in the summer. Pelerines—long capes for men—had been out of style for many years, but Morris Pintchover always wore one when he came to our literary gatherings. He had brought it from Warsaw near the beginning of the century. As he entered my office he said to me, "You are surprised, eh? I am also your reader and I'm entitled to ask your advice just like the others. Am I right?"

"Sit down. What can I tell you that you don't know yourself?"

"Oh, it is helpful to talk things over. After all, what is psychoanalysis? And why are Catholics so eager to make confessions? And what is literature? A number of great writers called their works confessions: Rousseau, Tolstoy, Gorky. I loved Strindberg's title 'The Confessions of a Fool.' Actually, there is an element of foolishness in all confessions. I assume you've heard what's happened to me."

Morris Pintchover smiled sadly and showed a mouthful of yellowish teeth. I knew his case from the gossips in the Café Royal. His wife, Tamara, a poetess who could never find a publisher, had left Morris and gone to live with a man named Mark Lenchner, a well-known writer and a Communist, whose wife had tried suicide three times because of his constant betrayals. Mark Lenchner was known as a schnorrer and a cynic. Tamara was small, fat, with a high bosom. Her hair was set in ringlets and dyed the color of carrots. Over her upper lip she sprouted a fuzzy female mustache. She told little anecdotes at which no one laughed but herself. For years she waged war with the editors of Yiddish newspapers and magazines, cursing them with vile oaths behind their backs. What Mark Lenchner saw in her no one could understand. In the literary cafeteria some maintained that what he saw was a nest egg of a few thousand dollars that she had managed to save by peddling her privately published books of poetry in the Café Royal and in the hotels in the Catskill Mountains. The couple had no children. I heard myself saying to Morris, "Yes, I was told something about the matter."

"You probably know that Tamara is now living with Lenchner openly, before the whole world," Morris said.

"I heard that, too."

"It has come to the point where the humorists print jokes about me in the newspapers."

"Idiots. I don't read the humor section."

"My dear friend, I know very well how people see someone like me—a schlemiel, a cuckold, a husband with horns. You know as well as I that when someone commits an injustice people make mincemeat of the victim, not of the culprit. It is not the first time that Tamara has exchanged me for some charlatan. I have been suffering and keeping silent, not because I believe that one should offer the other cheek but because I have the misfortune to love her. Love is a sickness—some kind of pathology that cannot be explained. If a man has a tumor he is stuck with it—he must even nurture it. The fact is that since Tamara left me I cannot eat or sleep. I make serious mistakes in my work, and I'm afraid I'm going to lose my few clients. I haven't written a single line since all this turmoil started. What I want to tell you may revolt you, but I hope that you have more understanding for human weakness than the ki-

"Well, that's it. Now on to '82."

bitzers in the Café Royal. Since she left me, my love for that treacherous woman has been burning with a fire I'm afraid may consume me physically. I am somewhat interested in the occult. There are cases where people have ignited spontaneously and burned to death. Naturally, the rationalists scoff at such events, because these don't fit in with their clichés. However, if emotions can drive the blood into the face, produce constipation, diarrhea, eczema, and high blood pressure, why can't they cause fire? Am I right or not?"

"I'm ready to agree to everything," I said. "But how can I help you?"

"My friend, I don't come to you to complain, but to ask advice," Morris Pintchover said. "When you hear what I want to ask you, you will be convinced that I have completely lost my mind. But insanity is also human. The story goes like this. That Mark Lenchner, the outcast, and his wife, Necha—a saint of a woman—had an apartment for which he never paid rent, except perhaps for the month when they moved in. Don't ask me how he managed this. The owner of the building was somewhat of a Yiddishist, and a leftist to boot. He played the part of a philanthropist and a Maecenas. It was always a miserable apartment. The ceiling leaked, and when it rained Necha had to put out pails and pots on the floor. But what did Lenchner care? He was seldom there—always running around with all kinds of sluts. The situation went on for as long as the landlord lived. When he died the heirs sued Lenchner for nonpayment, and now they are about to evict him with all his junky possessions. Vicious as he is, he can not allow Necha to be thrown out into the gutter. Besides, he has his books and his manuscripts there. A few days ago I received a telephone call from Tamara. I was stunned. She has never called since she left me. I will make it short. Mark Lenchner, the rascal, proposed to her that he, Lenchner, and Necha and Tamara should all move in with me. I have a large apartment, and his idea was that all four of us should live together. He wants to be friends again, he said. He also would like to settle down finally and write his memoirs, or God knows what. I plead with you, don't look at me with so much irony. I know very well that Lenchner cannot be trusted. First he took my wife and now he tries to take my low-rent apartment—a real bargain. On the other hand, what could I lose? Since I cannot live without Tamara, let us at least be together under one roof. When a man stands before the gallows with a noose around his neck and they bring him the good tidings that the execution has been postponed, he does not ask any questions or impose conditions. Necha is a decent woman, a quiet dove. She will do as he tells her. What is your opinion?"

One eye of Morris's seemed to cry, the other laughed. I asked, "Why do you want to hear my opinion? You won't follow my advice anyhow."

"Possibly. Still, I would like to hear it just the same."

"My opinion is that a love of this sort is the worst kind of slavery. I still believe that man has free choice."

"Eh? I knew that you would say something like this. However, perhaps Spinoza was right that everything is predetermined. Perhaps the decision was made a billion years ago that Tamara, Necha, and Mark Lenchner should live together with me, no matter how preposterous and perverse the whole thing may seem to others. Perhaps free choice is exactly what Spinoza thought it to be, an illusion."

"If free choice is an illusion and everything is predetermined, why did he write his 'Ethics'?" I asked. "What was the sense of preaching *amor dei intellectualis*, political freedom, and all the rest if we are nothing but mechanisms? That Spinoza was as full of contradictions as a pomegranate is full of seeds."

"And what was Kant?" Pintchover asked. "And what was Hegel? And what are all the other philosophers? You are right. Since I knew that I would be unable to listen to you, I shouldn't have come for advice. But a man in my state of mind cannot live according to logic. I'm sure you know that yearning is an excruciating pain. It is quite possible that Hell is made up of yearning. The wicked don't roast on beds of nails, they sit on comfortable chairs and are tortured with yearning."

"For whom are they yearning?" I asked.

"For those whom they left on earth—everyone for his Tamara or her Lenchner. Be well and forgive me." Morris Pintchover extended to me a soft and moist hand. He smiled, winked, and said, "Thank you for your advice. Adieu."

A YEAR or so passed and I heard that Mark Lenchner had been invited to live in the Soviet Union and that he had gone, leaving Necha behind. Stalin was still alive, but now in his interviews he maintained that Communism and capitalism could coexist. It was already known that he had liquidated most of the Yiddish writers in Russia, though the Communist Yiddish newspaper in New York assured its readers that all these accusations came from enemies of the people, the lackeys of Fascism. The Yiddish-speaking Communists still collected contributions for the nonexistent autonomous Jewish region, Birobidzhan. I was told that the writers in Moscow had arranged a grand reception for Lenchner, and that from there he had flown to Birobidzhan. This happened around the time when the Jewish doctors in the Soviet Union were accused of poisoning several Russian leaders. I had moved out of New York and had almost forgotten Morris Pintchover. I had lived in Israel, in France, in Switzerland. Someone in Tel Aviv or in Paris told me that Morris Pintchover had died, or perhaps he mentioned a similar name. When I returned to New York, years later, I no longer went to the office of my newspaper, on East Broadway, but sent my manuscripts by mail. I had ceased taking part in Yiddishist meetings and going to their lectures. Then one day I got a telephone call from the editor's secretary. The typesetter had lost a page of one of my articles, and I had to go down to East Broadway and fill in the missing page. I had to take three buses to get there from uptown. The third one ran between Union Square and East Broadway.

I passed a neighborhood where the population had changed—Puerto Ricans and blacks instead of the Jewish

immigrants. Old buildings were being torn down. New ones went up. Here and there one could still see the walls of former apartments, with faded wallpaper or chipped paint. On one of these walls hung a picture of Sir Moses Montefiore. A wrecker's ball was knocking down walls with what seemed to be a light touch. Cranes lifted beams for new buildings. On one of the ruins stood four cats holding a mute consultation. I had a feeling that under the wreckage demons were buried—goblins and imps who had smuggled themselves to America in the time of the great immigration and had expired from the New York noise and the lack of Jewishness there.

After I corrected my manuscript in the typesetter's room I decided not to take the bus back but to walk to Union Square and go home from there by subway. I walked along Second Avenue. The literary cafeteria still existed, but the Café Royal, which had been a gathering place for writers and actors for many years, had closed and in its place was a dry cleaner's. I stopped at a window displaying a few long-forgotten Yiddish books with faded covers, as well as recordings of old Yiddish theatre songs. After a while I continued up the avenue. And who walked toward me? Morris Pintchover—small, bent, shrunken, and in shabby clothes. The little hair that still remained on his skull had turned white. One could see a mere remnant of yellow in his eyebrows. He shuffled his feet as he walked, and leaned on a cane. So many of my colleagues had died in America or perished in Europe that I no longer knew who was alive and who was dead. He extended a bony hand and said, "I hope you recognize me."

"Yes."

"We haven't seen each other for years. Although we live in the same city, we have become estranged from one another. To tell the truth, New York is not a city but a whole country. Still, I was in contact with you—spiritually, I mean. I am reading you. After all, what is a writer? Only his works. I have published two books of poems—privately, of course. I doubt if you have ever seen them."

"If you'll send them to me, I'll read them. Almost no Yiddish bookstores are left anymore."

"Yes, we are in trouble, but the instinct to create remains as long as one breathes. I would have sent you my works, but I didn't know your address. When I send books to your newspaper they disappear. It seems there are still some people eager to steal a Yiddish book. This in itself is a miracle."

"Yes, true," I muttered.

"I guess that you don't remember my name. It's Morris Pintchover."

"I remember you very well. I have often thought about you," I said.

"Really? It's good to know."

I wanted to ask him about his wife, but I had forgotten her name. Besides, I had too often heard the same reply—"Died." As if Morris Pintchover could read my mind, he said, "Tamara is no more. She passed away two years ago. Got cancer and left me. In the old country there was such a thing as

"We do understand what you are telling us, Miss Dunwoodie. You are taking your money out of our 'basket' and putting it in their 'basket' because in your opinion their 'apples' are 'better apples' than our 'apples.'"

• •

galloping consumption. Tamara died, I could say, from galloping cancer. One day she got sick and a few weeks later it was all over. Left this vale of tears like a saint. Perhaps it wasn't even cancer. When the doctors cannot find the correct diagnosis, they call it cancer. God sends more sicknesses to the world than the medics can name. Only yesterday I read that millions of viruses can live in one cubic centimetre of tissue. Yet they are made of many molecules. The microcosmos is even more fantastic than the macrocosmos. In the midst of all these wonders comes the Angel of Death and erases everything. May I ask where you are going?"

"Union Square," I answered.

"Are you walking there?"

"Yes, I am walking."

"May I accompany you?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

We walked, and Morris stopped every few steps. I wanted to ask him about Lenchner's wife, but I knew that sooner or later he would tell me anyway. He was talking to me and to himself: "A whole world has vanished, eh? When I was a boy the Yiddishist movement was only beginning. Our classics were all still alive—Mendele, Shalom Aleichem, Peretz. I remember quite well the Czernowitz conference. What optimism! It was like a new spring. When I came to America, New York had not one Yiddish theatre but twenty. This whole neighborhood was boiling like a kettle with ideas and ideals. Now everything has changed, everything is different—people, houses, stores, styles. Some time ago I lay awake at night and it occurred to me: If there is a God and he exists eternally, how much could he have experienced in all this time? What would happen if he decided to write his memoirs? At what point would he begin? Would he go back one billion years? Ten billion years? A hundred billion years? It is eerie to think about such things—especially at night when one cannot fall asleep. Well, and who would be his publisher? He would have to publish himself, just as I do."

Morris Pintchover laughed, and showed a set of new false teeth. He said, "Perhaps you would like to walk along Avenue B. That is where I live."

"By yourself?"

"No, with Necha. Lenchner's widow."

"Aha."

"You most probably have heard that Lenchner went to Russia without her. He promised to bring her over to Stalin's paradise, but what did a promise mean to Lenchner? She received one postcard from him—not from Birobidzhan but from Moscow. The invitation had been nothing but a trap to do away with him. What they had against him I don't know. He served them faithfully. He defended all their evil deeds. To the last day in New York, he kept assuring everyone that the Yiddish writers in Russia lived in perfect bliss—Bergelson, Markish, Fefer, Charik, Kulbak. He called all of us here in America the worst names for suspecting the great benefactor Comrade Stalin. Lenchner knew quite well that he was lying, but he hoped that his brazen lies would save his skin if his comrades in Russia accused him of some deviation. Who knows what goes on in the brains of such villains? Since he knew what awaited him, why did he need to go there? There is something in Greek drama where the protagonist knows that he will fall into an abyss but is compelled by fate to choose death and cannot help himself. Perhaps you remember that I once came to you to ask your advice. Yes, Tamara and Lenchner and Necha moved into my apartment, and for a few weeks I imagined that I was happy. Yes, slavery. Our emotions are the rulers. They assail us like robbers, they mock all our resolutions. My neighbors ridiculed me and spat. Was I really happy? We delve into the worst suffering and we call it pleasure. When Lenchner left I became, so to say, the king. Tamara finally sobered up from her madness. How long can you be drunk? I forgave her. Did I have a choice? Nothing is as violent as the violence of love. My theory is that man is engaged in a clandestine love affair with the Angel of Death."

We stopped at a dilapidated building and Morris said, "Here is where I live. In this house, on the third floor. We have no elevator. I hope you don't mind climbing the stairs. Now that Tamara is in the true world, Necha has become everything to me—a wife, a sister, a mother. Of course, it is all platonic. She is a faithful reader of yours."

We went into a dark entrance and climbed the steps; at each landing Morris stopped and panted. He pointed to the left side of his chest. "The pump refuses to function," he said. "It has been doing it for eighty years. How long can it go on pumping? Enough is enough."

At the third floor Morris rang the bell of his apartment, but no one answered. He said, "Either she is not home or she doesn't hear. Wait. I have a key."

We entered a narrow corridor. Morris opened the door to the living room. It smelled of dust, medicine, and something rancid. Over a torn sofa with protruding springs hung a portrait of Lenchner—young, with curly hair, a black mustache, and shining eyes, which looked out with the arrogance and the complacency of those who have found the truth once and for all. Morris Pintchover remarked, "This is he. What Tamara saw in this faker I will never know. But she defended him to her last breath. As for Necha, she was a real martyr. But now where has she run around to? We are only two old people and she buys food as if we were ten. Three-quarters of it is thrown out. She has a kind of buying mania. How much can we eat? A piece of toast and a glass of tea is enough for us for the whole day. Thanks to God and to Social Security, we have more than enough of everything. Sit down. What can I offer you?"

"Absolutely nothing," I said.

"Nothing, eh? A man must want something."

For a long while we sat still. Then Morris Pintchover said, "You were right then. I should never have taken them in. But what would I have done now without Necha? She is the only person who really knew Tamara and witnessed our great love."

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.)

DECADE OF THE YEAR

NOW. In time for the eighties: a love story for the eighties starring a hero for the eighties and a sex symbol for the eighties in what just might be the first great American motion picture of the eighties.

He's a man for the eighties. She's a woman for the eighties. He drives a car for the eighties he bought with the profits accrued from an investment strategy for the eighties. She has the attitude, the career, and the two kids of a woman of the eighties—because she's a woman, and it's the eighties.

In their teens they experienced the sixties. In their twenties they made it in the seventies. And now they're in their thirties, because their thirties is their age for the eighties.

She's been a ten since her twenties. He's shot golf in the nineties since the sixties. Together they're to Jackson-Matthau in the seventies what Hepburn-Tracy were in the forties to Rogers-Astaire in the thirties—in the eighties. They're too young to remember the fifties but not too old to fall in love, commit murder, and break all the rules of life in the eighties.

He's surviving his own life as he lives it in the eighties, because he's a survivor. She's coping with living life as life is lived in the eighties, because she's a coper. Together they know that life in the eighties is nothing like what it was before the eighties—and the two of them are living it together in the eighties, because together they're a couple of livers.

Her hair color? A hair color for the eighties. And when she needs to get dressed, she wears the dressy sportswear specially created for life in the eighties. Sure, sometimes he gets a lousy headache. And when he wants fast relief from the tensions, pressures, and lousy headaches of living life in the eighties, he fights back with a one-man display of martial-arts fury designed for life in the fast, tense eighties. Not life in the less tense seventies. Not life in the even tenser nineties. Life *now*.

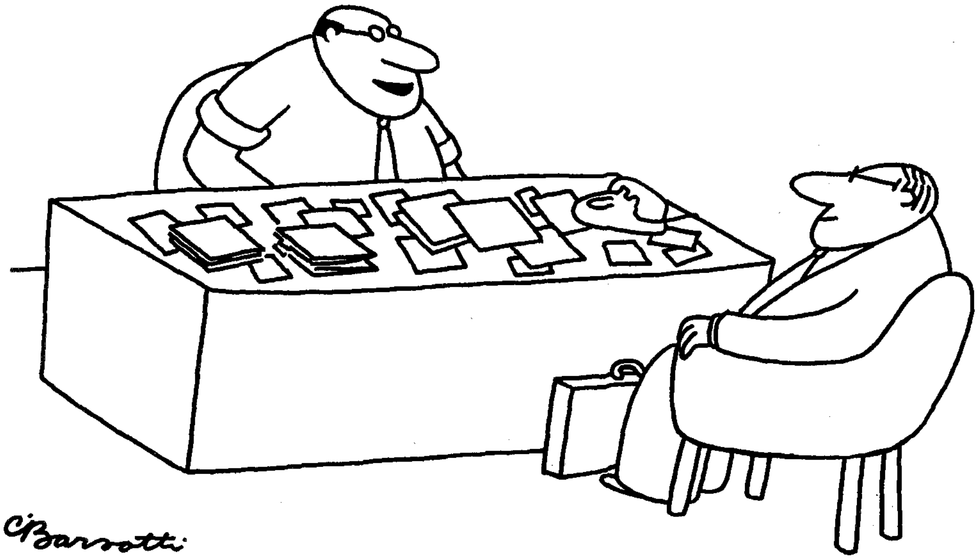
She's a Juliet for the eighties. (Her father, now in his eighties, was born in the nineties, and made millions in the twenties.) He's a Romeo for the eighties. (His mother, born in the twenties, died in the sixties—and left him thousands in fifties and hundreds.) Together they're Napoleon and Josephine for the eighties, in a motion picture for the eighties made by people mostly in their forties.

It's a film about their life—and our life—brought to life as only this director can bring it: a man *Time* has called "a Mike Nichols for the nineties" and *Newsweek* hails as "the Ashby—the Lester (the Wilder—the Cukor, 'the Lubitsch of the forties,' of the fifties—of the sixties) of the seventies—of the eighties."

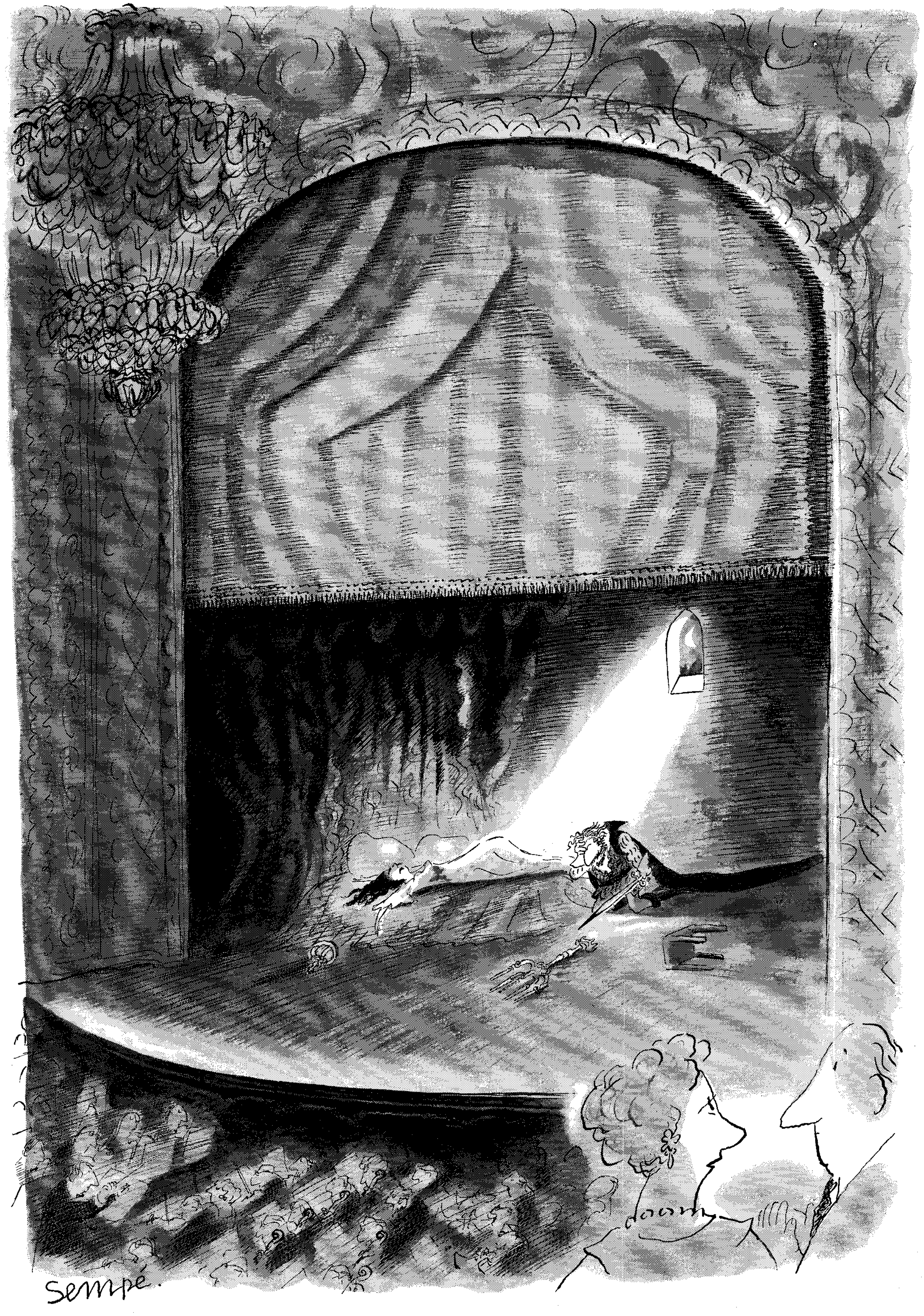
It's a story for the eighties, about the eighties, in a film you will never forget until the nineties. Two people, born in the fifties and now in their thirties, finding life in the eighties as only they can find it. Now.

Coming next year.

—Ellis Weiner

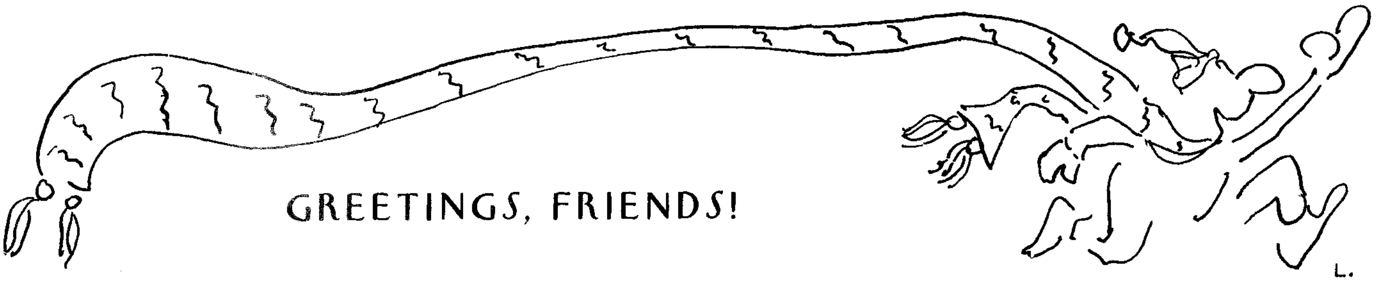


"A clean desk is the Devil's workshop, that's my motto."



"What a shame! With a little professional help early on, all this could have been avoided."

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!



Good neighbors, hark! Don't you discern
Far sounds that signal the return
Of Christmastide to this sad earth—
That short, sweet time of hope and mirth?
Yes! There! From every steeple,
Peace, cry bells, upon good people,
While we upon this swaying stanza,
This faded fond extravaganza,
Join in to sing our same old lieder:
God rest you merry, valued reader!
That good wish also (to begin)
To Andrzej Wajda, Marie Winn,
Shirley Williams, Henry Jones,
Helmut Schmidt, and the Rolling Stones—
Plus certain pals we wish to hail,
Like Arnett Cobb and Lee MacPhail,
James Brady, Paul Hyde Bonner,
And Justice Sandra Day O'Connor.
A Christmas boon upon you, dears!
God bless us each and Wackford Squeers!
May good and gladsome things befall
Kathryn Whitmire and Pope John Paul!
Now know ye all that here are sent
Warm greetings to our President;
The same to Nancy, our First Ms.—
May health and luck be hers and his.
(Few Chief Execs have been more charming;
Pray time will find him more disarming.)
Yule blessings are what we cajole
For the brave folks at Maryknoll,
And on these hols may peace and mercy
Descend on author Walker Percy,
On Rep. Bill Green and scribe Joe Gergen,
The Steens (Bruce Spring- and Mary -burgen),
Gregory Hines, Sen. Slade Gorton,
And St. John the Divine's Dean James Morton.
Gérard Depardieu! Patrick Dewaere!
Salut from this *hebdomadaire!*
Ho-ho, Gabe Kaplan (late of "Kotter")
And Iceland's Vigdís Finnbogadóttir!
All hail, Ed Koch, El Alcalde!
Wassail, Rainier, Prince Grimaldi!
And *καλά Χριστούγεννα*, what say you,
To Andreas Papandreou!
I'd like it now if someone sang
A carol just for Chris Durang,
And followed with a choral sampling
For P. D. James and Charlotte Rampling,
And a tenor section to impart
Affection for Edo de Waart.
And then sopranos, *affrettando*,
With soulful sol-fas for Sal Bando,
Could lead us toward a useful tutti
For Halston and Riccardo Muti,
And thence into a grand descant
For Francis Crick and Adam Ant,
Tip O'Neill, Elias Canetti,
Norris Church, and Richard Petty!
Come New Year's Eve, may I propose a
Standing toast to Carmen Cozza,
Beverly D'Angelo, Beverly Sills,
Trevor Nunn, and the Buffalo Bills?
Then while we're at it, buddies, whyn't
We raise a roar for Ol' Bear Bryant!
Well roared, gang! And now let's hear
An acclamation for Norman Lear,
Michael Tree, Emanuel Ax,
Nastassia Kinski, and Becky Lax!
Dear Santa, could you stuff that sled
With nighties for Christina Stead,
And then pop in a Rubik's Cube
To bewitch André-Michel Schub?
And wouldn't a wreath of new-mown hay
Invigorate John Henry's day?
I also think you should consider
An abacus for Tracy Kidder;
A mammoth game of Space Invaders
For the Collegiate School's sixth graders;
And a case or two of '04 Mumm's
To elevate some special chums,
Like Lynne Meadow, Russ & Daughters,
Howard Fast, and Muddy Waters.
Ah, there's a waltz tune! Here's a hall
Wreathed in green for our Twelfth Night Ball.
Yay, it's a party! Dance on air!
Make mistletoe your boutonnière!
What a bash: here's Natalie Babbitt
With Darci Kistler, Eddie Rabbitt,
Kevin Kline, Marian McPartland,
Claiborne Pell, and Barbara Cartland!
Hey, Ron Cey, will you say "Hi!"
To Prince Charles and Lady Di?
Ho, John Cleese, let's hear a "Yoo-hoo!"
To Kim Carnes and Mosi Tatupu.
Now Kim 'n' John, come grasp the hand
Of M. le Président Mitterrand,
And foot it featly down the floor
With Ismat Kittani, Dinah Shore,
Christo, Isabelle Adjani,
And Michiko Kakutani;
Then link arms for the Grand Quadrille
With Richard Todd and Debra Hill,
Fozzie Bear, Papa John Creach,
Sir Huw Wheldon, Reggie Leach,
Jimmy Cagney (O splendid Jim!),
Hanna Schygulla, Young-Uck Kim,
Sir John Pope-Hennessy, and
The Purdue U. Marching Band!

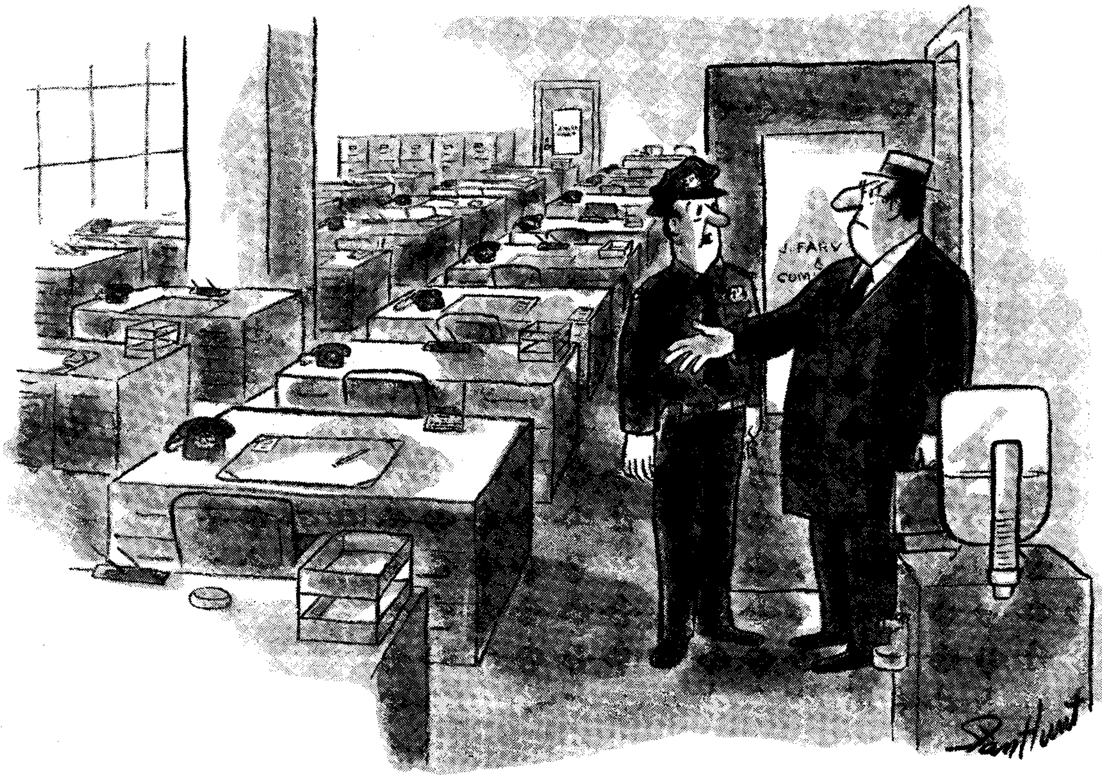
This night, friends, let's keep our eyes on
That clear star on our horizon.
Peace on earth! Hope springs eternal
And makes wintry hearts more vernal:
May such good thoughts enfold your day
As the gift of Christmas comes your way.

—Roger Angell

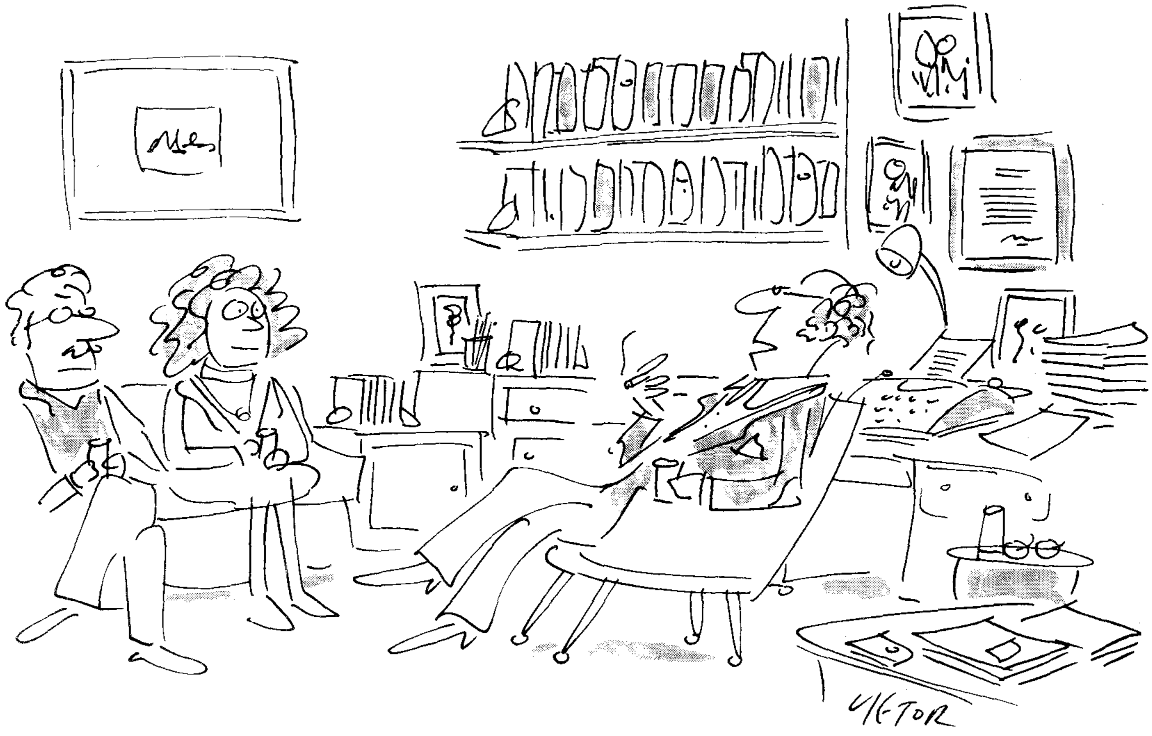
LEARN A TRADE

"MOBILES?" Fegley echoed over the telephone, with a sinking heart. He was an internationally known junk sculptor whose annual income ran easily to six figures, but in his mind he was still an unpopular and ill-coördinated adolescent walking out to a rural mailbox in Missouri to place in it a brown envelope containing cartoons and addressed to *Collier's*, or else to discover there a brown envelope returned from the same magazine with a rejection slip. Partch, Hoff, Rea—he imitated them all, and yet it all came back. Once, he tried to sell the local city's one newspaper a comic strip and then took the same cartoons to the local department store, as the possible basis for an advertising scheme. His mother went with him into the city that day, since he was too young to drive, and a street photographer snapped a picture of them walking together, she clutching her purse, he holding his portfolio under a skinny arm, both of them looking abstracted and tired. His mother had sponsored his creativity, indulged it; almost his first memory of her was of a young woman sitting on the threadbare carpet with him, crayoning solid a space at the top of a page of the coloring book on the floor before him. It seemed marvellous to the child that she, sitting gracefully opposite, could color upside down, as well as with such even, gentle strokes, which never strayed outside the printed outlines. Fegley's father, who supplemented the income from the farm by working as a non-union carpenter in and around Springfield, wrung his hands to think of his son's wasting his life on hopeless ambitions. "Learn a trade," he begged the boy. "Get a solid trade, and then you can fool around with this artsy-craftsy stuff." One night in bed, Fegley, shortly before going off to a New York art school, overheard his father say to his mother, "They'll just break his heart." The boy had sneered to overhear this, and, indeed, moving from cartooning, by way of imitating Picasso's playful sculpture, into a world—of galleries and expectant museum spaces and the spacious duplexes and suburban gardens of the rich—that his father had never dreamed of, he had proved the old man wrong. Yet, the older he himself grew, the more it seemed that his father had been essentially right.

In the pattern of his generation, he married young, had four children, and eventually got a divorce. His first wife had been herself artistic, painting delicate impressionistic still-lifes and landscapes that were usually abandoned before the corners were filled. There was usually something wrong with the perspective, though the colors were remarkably true. He sometimes blamed himself, in their years together, for not encouraging her more; but in truth all "this artsy-craftsy stuff" depressed him, and he hoped that his children would become scientists. He plied the boys, especially, with telescopes and microscopes, chemistry sets and books of mathematical puzzles; they squinted at Saturn's rings for an evening and at magnified salt granules for an afternoon, and then the expensive tubes of brass and chrome drifted toward the closets already full of deflated footballs and gadgets whose batteries had given out. Fegley's two daughters, as they grew into women, with the distance and silences of women, took watercolor brushes and pads on their sunbathing expeditions, and at home solemnly inscribed haiku on pebble board with crow-quill pens. Their mother encouraged all this, and had set the example by her own dabbling, which fitfully continued into her middle age, strewing the house with half-completed canvases. Fegley did his powerful, successful sculpture—most famously, the series of giant burnished insects fabricated from discarded engine blocks and transmission systems—in an old machine shop he rented, two miles from the house, down low along the Hudson, and did not encourage his children to visit him there, and even had his subscription to *Artnews* directed to that address. He was like a man who, having miraculously survived a shipwreck, wants to warn all others back from the edge of the sea. As his two boys grew older, he congratulated himself that they seemed more concerned with putting their feet to leather balls and car accelerators than setting implements to paper.



"Nobody came to work today, Mr. Farvis, because today is a national holiday. Today is Christmas."



"My mornings are intellectual, afternoons physical, evenings social, and nights recuperative."

Unlike his youthful self, they were both well coördinated, and expert at sports. The eldest went off to college determined to make the football varsity, having been a spectacularly shifty tight end for his boarding school, but somewhere under the cloud of his parents' divorce proceedings he dropped out of athletics and into Film Studies; he took courses that analyzed the cutting rhythm in old Laurel and Hardy comedies and the advance of camera mobility in musical comedies of the forties. Now he was living in a squalid Manhattan loft with several other aspirants to the world of film, lost young souls stoned on media, pounding the sidewalks and selling their souls for the whisper of a promise of becoming an assistant grip's assistant in a public-television documentary on the African killer bee. Fegley's daughters had also faded into the limbo of artistic endeavor; one was in California making "pinch pots" out of her lover's back-yard clay, and the other was editing a journal of genealogy in Cincinnati while working on a hopelessly ambitious and angrily feminist novel. This left uncontaminated by creativity only Fegley's younger son, Warren, a broad-shouldered brown-eyed nineteen-year-old who had once collected butterflies and rock specimens and who was clever with his hands; he had even given signs of becoming a carpenter, working with his grandfather some summers before the old man died. Here at last, Fegley had thought, was my practical child.

So it was with dismay that Fegley heard that the boy was making mobiles this summer. "But what about his job?" he asked.

"I don't think he ever called that number Clara gave him," Fegley's former wife said.

Clara, Fegley's present wife, was a civil engineer with a firm in White Plains, and had given her stepson a lead on a summer job with a road crew.

"What do you mean exactly, mobiles?" Fegley said now.

"They're lovely," the distant voice said. "They really must be seen to be believed. You should come look." Her voice was fading; one of her annoying habits, which he had not been really aware of as long as they lived together, was that of dropping the telephone mouthpiece to her chin as she talked.

"All right, damn it, I'll be right over," Fegley said. "I want to talk to Warren. Clara worked hard to find a contractor who had filled his minorities quota." He left his new studio—an abandoned gas station in Port Chester—with its friendly mounds of junk and sweet unifying welding stench, and swung his silken BMW up onto the battered roads, that overtrafficked grid connecting Westchester County's hidden green hives of plenty, and drove the half hour across 287 to his old suburb.

IT was strange, to be in his former home. The large Tarrytown house, once so full of children and their music, was silent now, and its furniture only half familiar, and rearranged. His ex-wife had a new husband, a hearty pipe-smoker whose spoor and scent were everywhere. Like Clara, the man led a useful inartistic life and worked all day. The former Mrs. Fegley still painted and, what was hurtful, had improved; her new still-lifes were filled to the corners, and the perspective was tight as a drum. Apologetically she said, "Warren said he'd be right back. I told him you were coming."

"Where did he go?"

"He said downtown to buy some more copper wire. His mobiles take a lot of it."

"Do you know what copper wire costs these days?"

"Of course. Who do you think gives him the money?"

"Then why do you let him?"

"I let *you*," she said, and looked lightly away—the equivalent of allowing the telephone mouthpiece to slip down to her chin. It was true: she had let him do what he could. For a time, she had supported them both, working as a salesgirl in the old Fifth Avenue Bonwit's.

His former wife had put on weight, without impairing a certain accidental grace that flitted into the air from foci in her wrists and ankles. Adjusted to the sight of her and the ambience of the house again, Fegley remembered the kindergarten crayon scrawls posted on the refrigerator with magnets, the driftwood sculptures brought home from their summer rentals, the collages, the crow-quilled haiku, the linoleum cuts at Christmastime, the cardboard circuses. Once, Fegley had bought the children a set of Cuisenaire rods to inculcate number theory, and the baby daughter had taken two of the units for the number one—tiny wood cubes—and put dots on them to make dice. Her mother had gone ecstatic over this show of "creativity." The child, Fegley saw now, should have been spanked. A delayed frustrated fury spoke in him: "You've brought these kids up to live in a never-never land. All this stuff, the world doesn't *need* it. It needs practical nurses. It needs insurance salesmen. You should *tell* 'em."

"I never told you that," she said, in that same mild and distant voice. "Why should I say it to them?"

"I was different," Fegley told her. "I was ignorant. I was desperate. Our children aren't desperate, they're just kidding around."

She shrugged. "Who's to say? He's been *so* excited. I've never seen him work like this—down in the cellar all day and into the night, pounding and sawing."

Fegley's father's hands, he remembered, had combined the whitened traces of chisel-nicks and saw-slips with a soft spotty bubbling of brown warts on the backs. Those hands had done honest work, Fegley used to think, admiring them; and now his own hands, scarred by metal, were beginning to look the same. The image of his broad-shouldered son in the cellar captive to an illusion, and of a once young and slender woman standing on sore feet behind a counter at Bonwit's, and of his own young mother sitting opposite him patiently crayoning in the midst of the Depression—these superimposed images afflicted him with a pathos and sense of waste that paralyzed him. His former wife had to prompt: "Why don't you go down and look at them?"

"I don't want to see the damned things. I came to see *him*."

"It might be a while before he comes back, frankly. I think he was scared of what you'd say to him, that's why he took off." Her own expression appeared vaguely alarmed. Warren had inherited the elusive zircon light in her eyes. Shift how we will, genetics cannot be shaken.

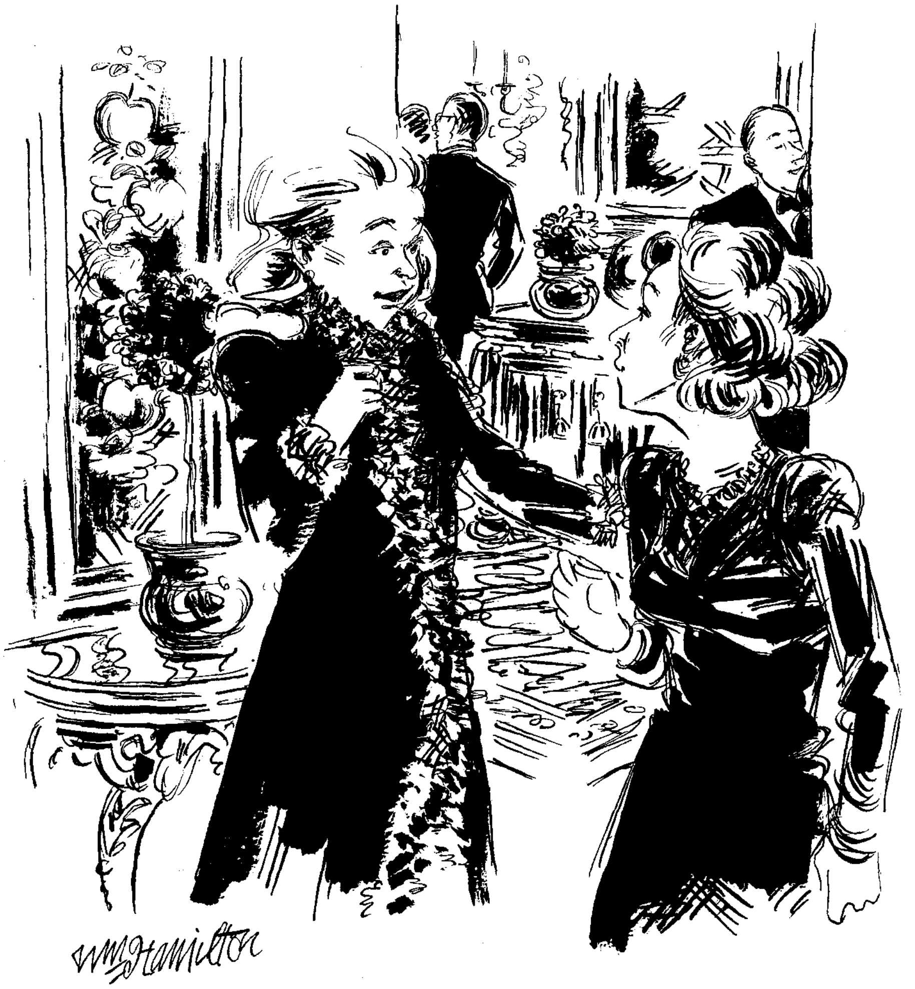
"Poor little Warren," Fegley said, and descended the steps to his old cellar. Scrap lumber and stray junk from the long ago when he had worked at home had mysteriously disappeared. His old workbench supported a litter now of pliers and cutters, coiled wire, cut tin, glue, tape, and scissored sheets of plastic and cardboard. A new fluorescent tube brightened the work space, but Warren had hung the finished mobiles in the dimness that stretched beneath the cobwebbed pipes and floor stringers to the faint far mottled foundation wall. There were so many, hinged on so many tiny links. Each mobile embodied a slightly different idea. Some suggested the flight of birds, others the scales of a dragon. Some were twirled of copper wire into terminations like the heads of fiddlehead ferns, some held at the ends of invisible black-wire arms pale paddle shapes or crescents or circles, ranged in sequences drifting outward in precarious spacy cascades that gently moved as the creator's mother's footsteps, heavy with fatality, followed Fegley's down the stairs.

"See?" she asked.

Each mobile by itself might have looked spindly, but the effect of so many, hanging unsold, unrequested by the world, waiting here in the dark, was of a kind of forest or firmament of stars twinkling one behind the other in a recession as good as infinite.

"Yeah," Fegley had to say, half to himself. She came and stood beside him, to get the same perspective. "That's right," Fegley said. "Keep breaking my heart."

—John Updike



"You've done an absolutely fabulous job with the house, Anne, and Gordon's so improved!"

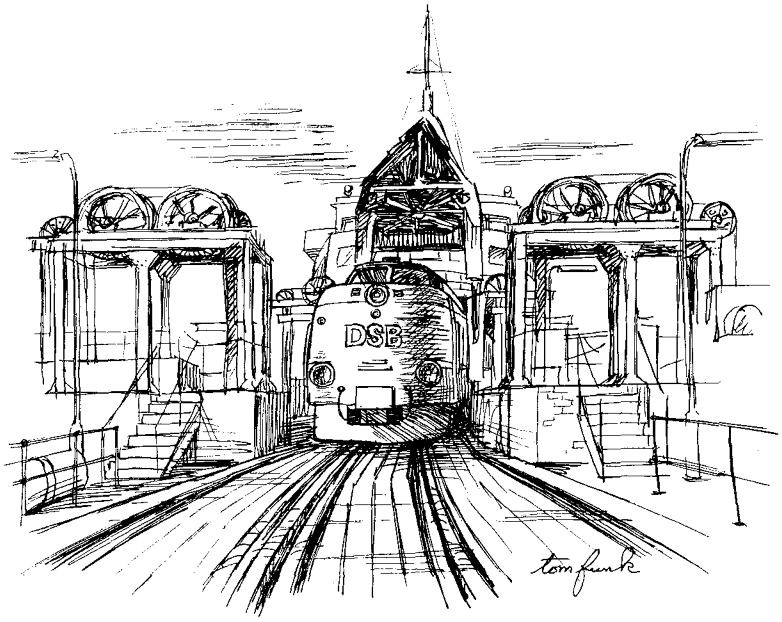
•

XEROX LAUNCHES
MEMORYWRITER,
CHALLENGING IBM
Electronic Typewriter, Priced
At $1,430, Stores, Replays
Often-Sued Paragraphs
—*Wall Street Journal.*

Hmm.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TRANS EUROP NUIT



I WAS checking out of the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen one afternoon some weeks ago when another American arrived to check in. He spoke American and he looked American. In his late fifties or early sixties, he was of medium height, he had long gray sideburns and curly gray hair, his trousers were skinny bluejeans, his jacket was a quilted down vest, his shirt was checked and buttoned with snaps and his belly hung heavily over his belt, his shoes were tan snakeskin cowboy boots, and his hat was a big, elaborately curled and dented Stetson. I studied him out of the corner of my eye, and wondered. Texas? Oklahoma? Nebraska? I finished my business and moved away, and sneaked a look at his registration form. I couldn't make out his name, but I glimpsed his place of residence: New York City.

I had spent four enjoyable days in Denmark, in Copenhagen. I walked in the Tivoli gardens. I strolled the mile-long pedestrian Strøget, the city's sumptuous version of the Via Condotti in Rome, and I drank the peerless Danish coffee at several of its many pavement cafés. I strolled the Nyhavn waterfront, and noted a sign in one of its many tattoo parlors: "I Tattooed Your Dad." I gazed at the lovely old house there (at No. 20) where Hans Christian Andersen wrote his first fairy tales, and the house (at No. 18) where he died. The doorman at the Angleterre pointed out to me, across the parklike Kongens Nytorv square, the house in which Sören Kierkegaard was born. I climbed the corkscrew ramp of the seven-story Round Tower (which Peter the Great of Russia is said to have climbed on horseback) and looked down, as from the top of the Empire State Building, on the whole of the city. I ate the best fish I've ever eaten at the *fiskekælderen* (fish-cellar) restaurant Den Gyldne Fortun, and I ate delicate reindeer medallions at the Egoisten. I never saw a piece of litter (I watched a man—a young man—walk fifteen feet out of his way to drop a Coca-Cola can in a trash basket), and I never saw a uniformed policeman, or even heard a siren. I liked everything about Copenhagen except the almost continuous wind. But I had awakened that morning ready to pack and move on. Now, looking at my fellow-American, my costumed fellow-New Yorker, I was more than ready; I was eager to be on my way.

I was going to Paris, and I was going by train. I am one of those who have a fondness for trains—almost any kind of train—and, having never spent a night on a European train, I had booked a sleeping compartment on the *lyntog*, the Danish express to Paris that leaves Copenhagen every afternoon at the comfortable hour of four-forty-five. The Angleterre doorman called me a cab (the customary gleaming Mercedes), and the driver (who, as is usual in Copenhagen, spoke English and had a brother in the United States) drove me, in the Roman style of horn and brake and drag-race plunges, to the red brick, turn-of-the-century magnificence of the Central Station. He opened the door for me and got my luggage out of the trunk and carried it into the entrance hall. I paid him and thanked him (there is no tipping in Denmark), and found my track (Spor 7) and sat down on a bench to await the boarding call. The concierge at the hotel had got me a timetable, and I looked up my train. It was No. 397, with stops at Hamburg and Liège and a connection at Hamburg for Munich. There were also some asterisks and some footnotes in Danish. I had a companion on the bench—a young woman, blue-eyed and with hair the color of wood shavings, in a big Icelandic sweater. I cleared my throat.

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes," she said. "A little."

I held out the timetable. "I wonder if you can tell me what this means."

"Oh," she said. "I fear not. I only visit here. I am Italian."

THERE was a sudden surge—a gathering into orderly ranks as if for some sort of parade—toward Spor 7, toward the stairs leading down to the tracks. The Italian girl was up and away, and I surged along behind her. There was a waiting train on Spor 8, and there were people placidly massed along its length. Spor 7 was empty. The Italian girl had disappeared. I asked a man with a briefcase which direction my train would come from. He shook his head. No English. I asked a woman with two shopping bags. She smiled and pointed to Spor 8. I was clearly out of the tourist zone. I stood with my luggage and watched the commuters—I supposed they were commuters—standing and waiting, and thought of the free-for-all on the Long Island level of Pennsylvania Station. The crowd began to melt away, and the train on Spor 8 stirred. Behind me, there was a hiss like a giant sigh, and a black-and-red locomotive marked "D.S.B." ("Danske Statsbaner") and a string of shiny black cars came gliding almost surreptitiously along Spor 7. The first cars were coaches, the next were couchettes, then—marked in white "*TEN: Trans Europ Nuit*"—came the sleepers, each with a little sign near the door: "Hamburg," "München," "Liège," "Paris." I found my car and my compartment. I stowed my luggage on an overhead rack, and sat down at the window end of the long, upholstered seat that would open into my bed. *There was a kind of table in the win*dow corner with a top that lifted to disclose a washbasin. There was an ideogram in red indicating that the tap water was not potable. There was a mirrored cabinet on the wall above the washstand stocked with three glasses, a decanter of drinking water, two folded hand towels, a package of highly perfumed soap (compliments of Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits), and a packet (ditto) with a label that began with "*Gebrauchsanweisung*" and ended with "Instant Shine." There was a little door at the base of the washstand, and I opened it. Out came a little white *china chamber pot. There was another* red ideogram on the windowpane. It showed a bottle slashed by a big black X. It seemed incredible that a Dane—one of the people who made Copenhagen the cleanest city I had ever seen—would throw a bottle out the window, but if it didn't mean that, it meant no drinking in the compartment, and that (to judge from the flow of akvavit and Tuborg beer in Copenhagen) was even less credible.

The train moved, was moving. It moved as silently, as smoothly, as naturally as a ship under sail. The platform slid away. In a moment, in half a moment, we were moving at speed, *racing*—out of the glare of the sheds and into a dusky daylight, through spreading railroad yards, past factories and warehouses, past blocks of apartment houses, past a deserted suburban station, past another spread of apartments. Then we were in an open countryside of fields, pastures, hedgerows, an occasional mannered plantation of pine or white birch. Denmark is a small country, and Copenhagen is on two tiny islands, but I had a sense of space that was almost Kansan. There wasn't a house as far as I could see. Then, suddenly, there were six or eight houses clustered together along a narrow street—little square houses, like doll houses, with steep, red-tiled, pyramidal roofs. American farmers live on the farm. In Denmark, farmers live in the village. The enormous countryside began again. It was a landscape made for snow, for blizzards, for raging winds. The dusk deepened. There was a spark of light in the distance, a spidery glint of water, *and then it was dark.*

THE FIRST WINTER LIGHT

The first winter light
means that I am standing still
long enough again to see it.
It comes around the corner, across the floor,
a band of it kneels over the stove & up
the wall. It offers colors
from the other room. My hand is

in the sunlight, pouring water
from a kettle. The winter light
is in the steam, it is
in the blue flame. On the edge

of the bright band of light,
off the bevel of the mirror,
a narrow rainbow is wrapped around
the shape of the stove like a ribbon.
It comes in from the other room

& crosses the floor, it mounts the stove
as though it knows it perfectly, from the beginning
has been witnessing its shape, now
is the time—

the rainbow runs flat between the burners
& mounts the back of the stove.
It steps up the shelves
on the wall. I forget
that I am afraid
& then remember again

that someday I will see all this for the last time.
The light is in the spices, it is lined up on the wall.
It is in the pink grapefruit, halved,
on the stove. The sunlight has in it
the deep reds & browns
of the other room.
At any time now

I will go into the other room. I will turn
on the standing lamp next to the big chair,
I will smooth out the red blanket & sit down.
I will put the blue cup, steaming, on the corner
of the table, a few inches from my hand.
Until it happens

I stand here watching the colors.

—JAMES BAKER HALL

• •

THE sleeping-car steward appeared in the doorway. He was a stocky young man in a brown uniform, with a ruff of taffy-blond hair curling out from under a pillbox cap. He took my ticket and my passport, and gave me a French customs form to fill out. He spoke a functional, singsong English. I looked at my watch: it was almost six o'clock. I asked him when the restaurant car would be open.

He *shook* his head. "No," he said. "On this train there is no *wagon-restaurant*."

"No restaurant?" I said. "No place to eat?"

"No, no," he said. "You eat. There is a bistro on the ferry. We go from Denmark across the strait to West Germany on the train ferry. The bistro is good, is like . . ." He smiled, and made a gesture. "You have a tray. You move in line. You take care of

$2

a year—52 issues—
for the first subscription
(your own or gift)

$1

for each additional
one-year gift subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada $6.00 per year;
other foreign $12.00 per year.

Please send a New Yorker gift
subscription to each of the following:

Your Name ____________________________
(please print)

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

1st gift ____________________________
(please print)

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

☐ Start a subscription for me only. ☐ Start my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Start gifts only.

2nd gift ____________________________
(please print)

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

3rd gift ____________________________
(please print)

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

Please complete your order here:

I enclose $________ for ________ subscriptions.

Or, charge my: ☐ ☐ ☐

Acct. # ____________________________
Exp. Date

Signature ____________________________

4521

For immediate service call toll-free
800-223-0200
(In New York State 212-840-3800)

THE NEW YORKER **25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036**

yourself—take this, take that, take what you like to eat. Good food."

"And wine?"

"Oh, I think," he said. "Also beer and *snaps*."

I was getting hungry, and thirsty. "When do we get to the ferry?"

"One hour," he said. "Then one hour and five minutes on the ferry. Plenty of time. The strait is big—twenty kilometres. And when you come back your berth is made up."

The steward moved on, to the compartment next door. I heard an exchange in French—a man's voice, a woman's voice, the steward's voice. His French sounded better than his English. It had the curl of real fluency. And that reminded me. I unfolded the customs form. Like most government forms, it was full of ambiguities and seeming irrelevancies: if I had been a woman and married, I would have been obliged to state my maiden name. I duly listed my moneys—my dollars, my francs, my remaining kroner. I refrained from declaring one Danish coin, a tiny brassy coin about the size of a shirt button. It had come to me somehow in change, and I showed it to the hotel concierge. He said, "Five øre. One hundred øre make a krone. It is nothing." I asked what I could do with it. He said, "Throw it away."

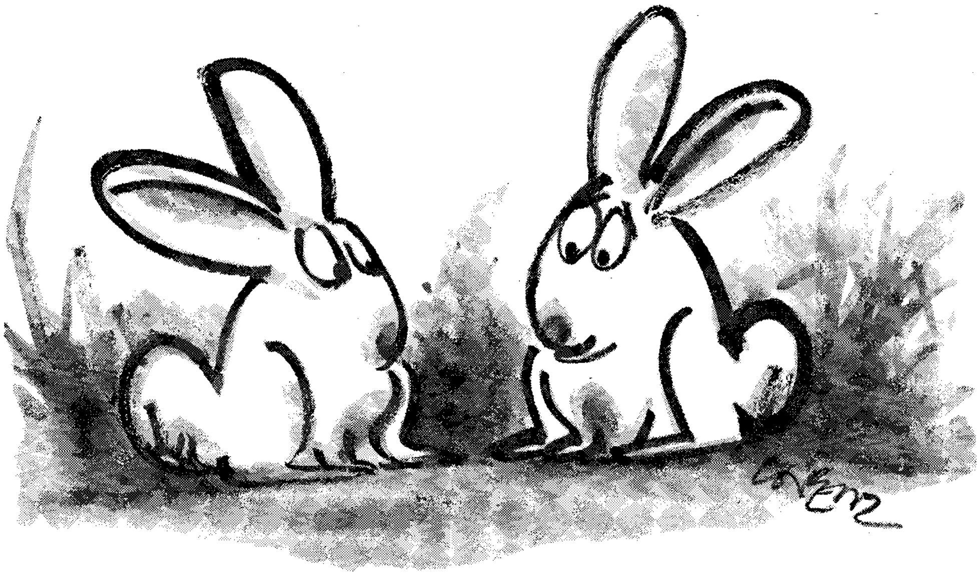
I finished the form and sat back at the window. The countryside had vanished. The window gave me only my reflection. Then I noticed the windowsill. Fixed to it were six little brass plaques. The first one read, "*È pericoloso sporgersi.*" The next read, "*Ne pas se pencher au dehors.*" The next "*Nicht hinauslehnen.*" Then "*Es peligroso asomarse.*" Then "*É perigoso debruçar-se.*" And then "Do not lean out." I looked up at the ideographic bottle. Don't throw bottles out the window! I glanced again at the plaques. Don't lean out the window! Well, defenestration was one problem that we didn't have back home. We settled that a generation or more ago. Modern American trains, like modern American buildings, have windows that are made not to open.

I WAS tired of sitting. I got up and went out into the corridor to stretch my legs. The door of the next compartment was open, and a man of around forty, in a sleeveless sweater and an open shirt, was standing there smoking a cigarette. He gave me a nod and a smile.

"Moving right along, aren't we," he said. His English was American English. "And I haven't felt a bump. These European trains! The steward tells me we'll be averaging around a hundred and thirty kilometres an hour when we get into Germany."

"Is that right?" I said. I looked at him. "I thought you were French."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, I am. More or less—I'm French-Canadian. I learned my English in the States. Most of it, anyway. I did graduate work at Iowa State. But you ought to hear my wife's English. She had three teachers—me, an English friend in Montreal, and a woman we know from Alabama. She has an accent all her own."



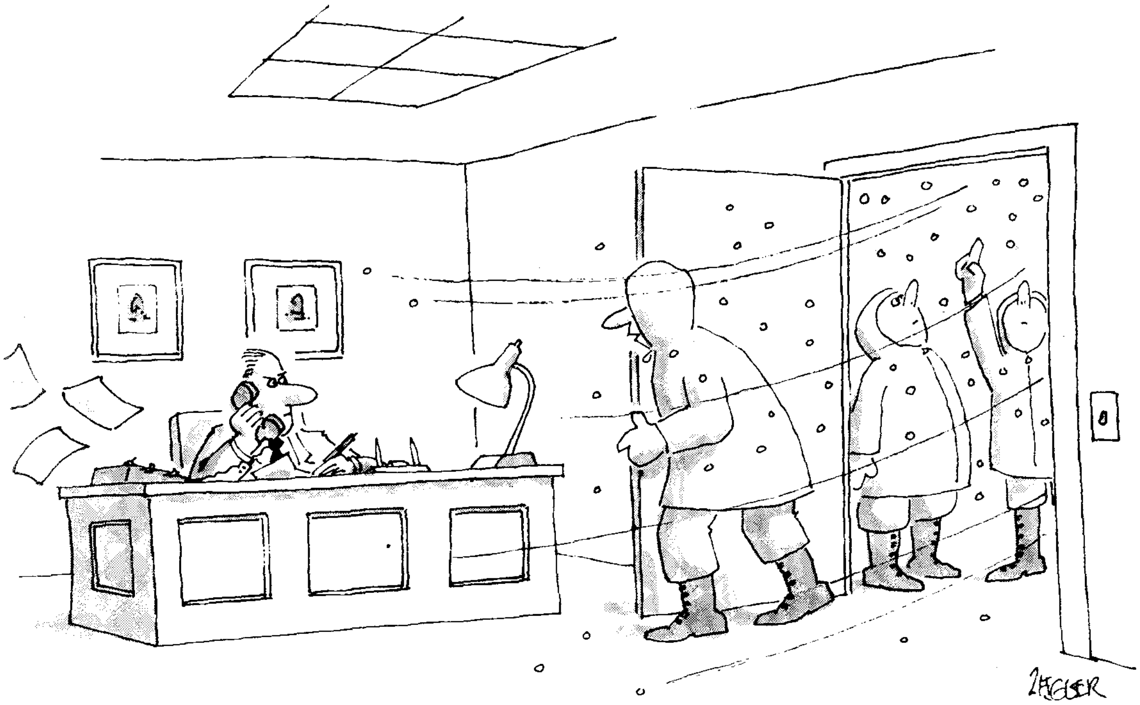
"I realize, of course, that we're not a threat, but just once it would be nice to be perceived as a threat."

The French-Canadian rolled down the window and defenestrated his cigarette. There was a rush of chilly, damp air—salt air. The Baltic Sea! The train began to slow. Lights appeared, and a wilderness of tracks. A platform, a station shelter drifted up. A sign loomed: "Rødby Færge." The train stopped, stood, then slowly backed up the way we had come. The platform, the station, moved away. We stopped again. There were voices somewhere out in the night. It was raining, a mysterious, drizzling, Baltic rain. We moved again—back, then forward—gathered speed, slowed. A man in a wet brown uniform, with a pipe upside down in his mouth, stood hunched in a fall of foggy white light from somewhere high overhead. There was a clanking and grinding, a sinking and swaying, a settling, a steadying. The steward came along the corridor.

"Now we ride the ferry," he said. He pointed a finger aft. "The bistro is that way out. Take your money, your valuables. I lock all the compartments. There are always thieves."

I FOLLOWED a stream of fellow-passengers down off the train and onto a metal deck. There was only a faint sense of motion, a regular dip and sway. A scant step or two from our track, a wall, a bulkhead, rose twenty feet or more. The ferry looked a good block long. I counted six cars in the shadowy light, but there may have been more. The locomotive had been left behind. A couple pushed past me—a youngish couple. The girl was short and chunky with raccoon eyes, and she wore a pair of bib overalls. The man was taller and chunkier and wore red-white-and-blue running shoes, sweat pants, and a gray sweatshirt with a number on the back and "University of Memphis Training Camp" across the front. I thought of the West Side cowboy at the Angleterre, and willingly got out of their way. I let them get well ahead, and then walked along beside the cars—past another "Paris" and a "München"—to an open doorway in the bulkhead. I went up three ringing flights of stairs. There were windows along an outer wall, but all I could see was the black, wet night and a lacy boil of white water far below.

The bistro was a large room furnished with long wooden tables and folding chairs, and there were two cafeteria counters back-to-back down



"Winter, sir. It's here. Where do you want us to put it?"

the middle. I got my tray, I moved in line, I took care of myself. The food was an opulent assemblage of *smørrebrød*—big open-face sandwiches of many combinations of many kinds of cheeses and cold meats and fish on the inimitable rich, grainy Danish bread—and yogurt and fruit and pastries. I took a *smørrebrød* of thinly sliced ham, decorated with an almost floral design in mayonnaise and parsley and shavings of cheese, and another composed—an almost Beaux-Arts edifice—of tiny shrimps. I hesitated over a choice of tea or coffee, beer or akvavit, or wine. I took a half-litre bottle of Sichel le Cellier, *vin de table, rouge*. The currency at the cashier was kroner. Most of the tables were full: the ferry is not merely a train ferry but also carries trucks, cars, and foot passengers. I looked carefully around for the Memphis trainee. I found an empty chair at a table of jovial Danes (or Swedes or Finns or Norwegians), and watched them become more and more jovial over akvavit chased with beer and, every now and then, a round of liqueur chocolates.

A couple arrived at the table adjoining mine, and I lost interest in the Danes. The man was around thirty, and he was tall, dark, and handsome in a Mediterranean mode. His shoes were suède, his suit was silvery gray and double-breasted, his shirt was lavender with a white collar, his cuffs were fastened with heavy gold links, his necktie was the color of his suit, and a lavender silk handkerchief plumed from his breast pocket. The girl—she looked about twenty—was slim and blond and beautiful. She wore emerald silk or satin knickerbockers, green stockings, a rosy-pink brocade jacket, and a grass-green blouse unbuttoned down to out-of-sight, and her right hand blazed with an emerald ring. Her shoes had three-inch heels and seemed to be made of three or four strands of stainless steel. They sat down with their trays, and the man leaned back. The girl opened a screw-capped litre of wine and filled his glass. He took a listless sip, and began to eat. She ate with one eye on his every move. He finished his *smørrebrød* and his wine. She refilled his glass. There was a banana on his plate. The girl reached over and quickly peeled it, quickly cut it into neat little discs. He drank his wine and ate his banana, and she ate and watched. He finished, and took out a package of cigarettes. I had to look away, and then had to look back. She was leaning across the table, holding out a flaming cigarette lighter.

I WOKE up almost thinking I was back with the jovial Danes. But this wasn't the ferry—this was the train, and we were standing in the pitiless, piercing glare of a metropolitan station. I craned my neck: "Hamburg." And the joviality was coming from the next compartment—not the French-Canadian compartment but the other, the one just beyond my ear. I thought I heard a guitar. I heard shrieks and roars of laughter. I heard glasses and bottles and what sounded like somebody dancing. I looked at my watch: it was almost midnight. I looked out at the station again. There were plenty of people about—walking, waiting, waving, embracing. And a variety of uniforms: brown, blue, green. Two youths were sitting on a bench, gazing at the train, eating ice-cream cones: it might have been noon in a park. They suddenly slid away. We were moving, but moving backward. We moved out of the station, past pillars, past stairs, past benches and people, past signs for Marlboro and Coca-Cola in German, and into a yard, past a string of freight cars on a siding. They were painted bright red, and on each, in white, was the name "Blue Star Lines." The joviality next door continued. The train stopped, waited, and moved forward again. We pulled in to a platform—a different platform. A woman sat on a bench, slumped in sleep, a cat in a box at her feet. We waited, we moved, we slipped away backward again. I dropped onto my pillow. There were footsteps, running footsteps, in the corridor.

IT was morning. I lifted the window shade. A lush green pasture flew past. Three black-and-white cattle appeared, and vanished. We were flying. My watch said seven-thirty. We were due to arrive at the Gare du Nord at eight-forty. At this rate, we could be there almost any minute. I got up and jumped into my clothes.

I was shaving when there was a knock on the compartment door. It was the steward with my passport. I said something about our speed—that

Travel with Scholars

Summer 1982 Programs
☐ **Greece & Sicily** with Robert Bly
☐ **Oxford**—26 courses taught by Oxford dons; two 3-week sessions
☐ **Screenplay Writing** in London with British TV professionals
☐ **Kenya**—tribal visits & a wildlife safari with an expert on African history & culture
☐ **Florence & Siena**—the Tuscan heritage with noted art historians
☐ **Canterbury**—2 programs at Univ. of Kent: medieval studies & British criminal justice
☐ **Birmingham**—innovations in the care of the elderly with eminent British specialists
☐ **Egypt**—with archaeologist Kent Weeks (Nov. 1982)
☐ Also **India & Nepal** (Jan. 1983)

Send this coupon with name and address to: International Dept. 44R, University of California Extension, Berkeley, CA 94720; (415) 642-8840

UC Berkeley Extension
Continuing Education for Adults

FREE catalog of fine outdoor gear!

Our outdoor equipment makes your trips more enjoyable. Read about tents, garments, knives, flashlights, and more—all with 30-day money-back guarantee. Send today (or call) for your free copy:
Early Winters
110-SV Prefontaine Place South,
Seattle, WA 98104 (206) 622-5203

Atlanta's Westin Peachtree Plaza. The tallest hotel in the world.

And Elson's, of course, is in on the ground floor.

The most elegant hotels in America have something in common...an Elson's shop, just off the lobby.

Elson's

we seemed to be making very good time.

He nodded. "Very good," he said. "I think we are now only twenty minutes late."

"Late?"

"We left late from Hamburg—more than one hour. There was a mistake."

"I thought we did a lot of waiting there," I said.

"Yes," he said. "The conductor comes to me. He says, 'How many passengers do you got in this wagon for Munich?' He says *Munich!* I say, 'I got eleven passengers in this wagon for *Paris*. This is a Paris wagon.' And he says, 'This is the Munich train.' I don't know who made the mistake. But except for me we would all be now in Munich."

"Well," I said. "Good for you."

"No," he said. "Not good for me. Good for you. But I get paid only when I work. If we were now in Munich, I have more hours work, more money."

I FINISHED shaving and packed my things, and went out into the corridor. The steward was knocking on a door three compartments away. The door of last night's joviality was ajar, and I caught a glimpse of a man with a beard and of what looked like a matronly back. I watched the countryside of France fly past—the little, hedged-in fields, the narrow, hedged-in roads, the tiny, crowded, citylike villages. If Denmark was Kansas, this was Connecticut. The French-Canadian came out of his compartment. He was still wearing his sleeveless sweater, but he had added a navy-blue blazer and a necktie.

I said, "*Bonjour.*"

"Hi, there," he said.

"The steward tells me we almost went to Munich."

"*Vous plaisantez!*"

WE were in the Gare du Nord, stopped and standing at the platform, and I was filing down the corridor within a minute or two of nine. I wondered what would have happened if we hadn't got hung up in Hamburg. The steward was waiting at the foot of the sleeper steps, handling luggage like an American Pullman porter of twenty years ago. Tipping is not strictly forbidden in France. I gave him the last of my kroner, and added for good measure my little five-øre button. I followed the crowd up the length of the train and

ANOTHER GREAT RESTAURANT HAS JUST JOINED THE CLUB.

CANDLELIGHT INN, LENOX, MA

Just a mile from Tanglewood, summer home of the Boston Symphony, stands the Candlelight Inn, at 53 Walker Street (413) 637-1555. A late-Victorian mansion furnished with quaint New England decor, cozy fireplace for winter evenings, and courtyard dining-weather permitting. Your dining pleasure is enhanced with a menu that offers medallions of veal piccata, rack of lamb au premier and a wide assortment of country French and continental dishes.

Candlelight Inn is just one of over 500,000 fine establishments worldwide that welcomes Diners Club.

If you don't have a card, call 800-525-7000 for an application. And become a member of the Club—the 4 million people who carry Diners Club cards.

DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL ®

Discover the Florida Key to uncommon leisure . . .
the place is Cheeca

Whether your pleasure is outstanding gamefishing, Jack Nicklaus-inspired executive golf, tennis, pool, jacuzzi, or simply an escape from the ordinary, Cheeca offers the answer for vacation connoisseurs. This quietly elegant *Shangri-La also offers gourmet* dining, tastefully appointed rooms and villas; outstanding service. Cheeca – one of the Keys best kept secrets.

See your Travel Agent or call TOLL FREE 1-800-327-2888, or direct (305) 664-4651.

Cheeca LODGE
Islamorada, Florida 33036

Jasper's
Kansas City's Most Prized Restaurant
405 W. 75th STREET

★★★★ Award Mobil 1981 Travel Guide

HOLIDAY AWARD
Ten Times

THE COOKBOOK PEOPLE

Send $1.00 for our revised 64-page cookbook catalog with over 700 titles and descriptions.

JESSICA'S BISCUIT
Box 301 Dept. NY
Newtonville, MA 02160

into the station. There was a big, plain bar-buffet just off the main room. It was furnished with rows of tables for two and a service bar, and it was crowded. I found a place, a table to myself, and ordered. Most of the people around me were drinking coffee and eating rolls, but a good many others were drinking wine; I watched a man across the room finish off a glass of red wine and wave to a waiter for another. My waiter was back in a minute, shifting through the tables and singing to himself, and served me a cup of coffee with milk, a bowl of brown-sugar lumps, and a basket of five or six croissants.

I was enjoying myself—enjoying every sip and every bite—when I saw the University of Memphis trainee and his companion come in. They were still in their full regalia. There was an empty table no more than a foot away from mine, and I saw them see it. I saw them come up and sit down. I occupied myself with my coffee. The trainee gave a satisfied grunt, a sociable grunt, and I sensed him looking my way. I waited. But he only looked; his face was blank. He turned back to his companion and said something that I couldn't understand. Except that he said it in German.

—Berton Roueché

•

COLDER

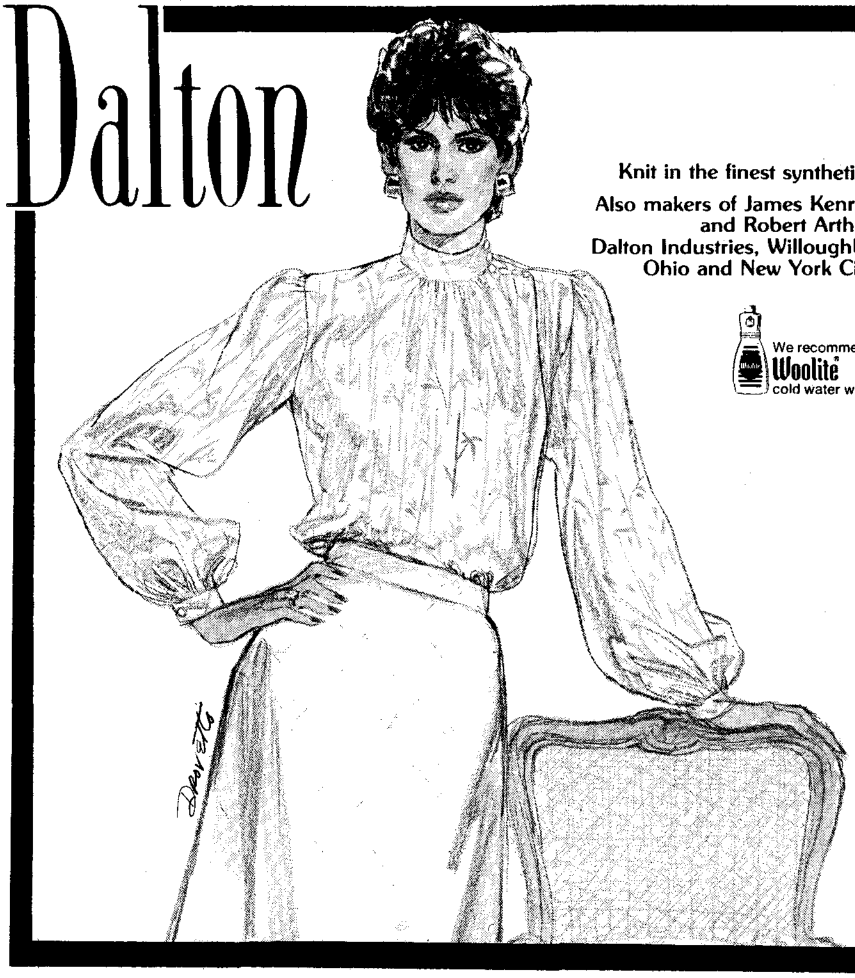
The farther north I wandered
that year the more I lost
sight of even the memory
of your face. It was nothing
finally—dimness, or a color
the artist chooses for absence.
The snow spun in gusts, the darker
gust what I steered toward,
thinking it was the road.
I am always following darkness,
thinking it is the road.

Past Vancouver, near a beach
where the snow had fallen full
the whole night before,
I reached the horizon.
It was dawn: the confused light,
white birds floating on the waves,
the last dust of night
swirling in the high air.

I remembered then the whole
unacceptable weariness of you,
and your face came back, some form,
some distinction in the drifting
emptiness I had found.

So even you were better than this.

—Steven Goldsberry

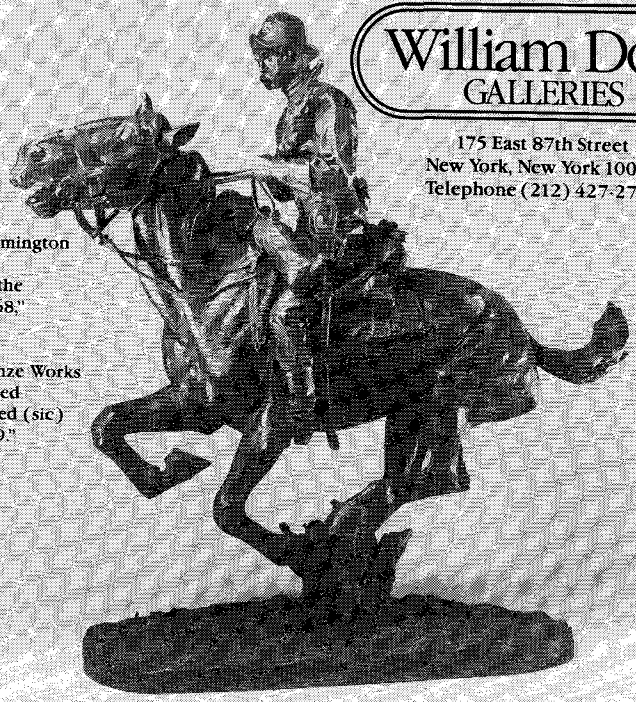


Dalton

Knit in the finest synthetics.

Also makers of James Kenrob
and Robert Arthur.
Dalton Industries, Willoughby,
Ohio and New York City.

We recommend
Woolite®
cold water wash



William Doyle
GALLERIES

175 East 87th Street
New York, New York 10028
Telephone (212) 427-2730

Frederic Remington
bronze,
"Trooper of the
Plains—1868,"
no. 2 cast
from the
Roman Bronze Works
and imprinted
"copywrighted (sic)
Jan. 13, 1909."

Wednesday, January 6 at 10 a.m.
19th-Century French Bronze-mounted Furniture and Decorations, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps, Paintings, Fine Orientalia, Art Glass, Silver and Fine Oriental Rugs.
All sales can be previewed four days preceding auction

William Doyle Galleries standard charge to the Seller will be a commission of 10% in addition to the 10% premium paid by the Buyer as part of the purchase price.

POPULAR RECORDS

Best Yet

"BARBARA COOK: IT'S BETTER WITH A BAND" (the Moss Music Group D-MMG 104) is the best sally yet by the bouncy, erstwhile musical-comedy ingénue since she turned to concertizing, in Manhattan supper clubs and concert halls, several years back. Taken down over a year ago at Carnegie Hall, it finds the soprano in fine voice and in excellent rapport with an enthusiastic audience—judging by the waves of applause heard after each selection and her own occasional little acknowledgments of her reception. And, perhaps most important of all, she is given smart and artfully varied instrumental backing by a reasonably large orchestra, under Wally Harper, which plays arrangements by Bill Brohn, Mack Schlefer, and Luther Henderson.

As we have come to expect from Miss Cook's recorded concerts, the material is unhackneyed, for the most part; if a particular piece is overly familiar, the treatment is fresh. I don't happen to think the singer's essentially lyric voice is ideally suited to such numbers as "I Love a Piano," "Them There Eyes," or "Sweet Georgia Brown," all three to be found here, but when you hear what she and the orchestra do with them you're likely to be surprised and delighted, as I was. The first of these, which opens the concert, is an early Irving Berlin number that Bobby Short, the supper-club singer and pianist, has used to good advantage for many years. Supported by a band arrangement threaded with Harper's nimble piano playing, it gets the occasion off to a flying start. In "Them There Eyes," which brings the first side to a close, comparisons with Billie Holiday's matchless version are avoided by a burlesque accompaniment—a solo tuba for the first chorus, followed by a Mickey Mouse arrangement employing a kazoo. Novel use is also made of "Sweet Georgia Brown," the final selection, in which a heavy beat is laid down—something on the order of a rock tango, if you can imagine such a thing.

"You picked out some beautiful food."

Miss Cook's interestingly full-bodied but basically sweet voice is versatile enough to encompass these songs with authority, but it is heard to best effect in ballads, and the single verse and chorus of Noël Coward's wistful "If Love Were All," with piano alone in sensitive accompaniment, represents her art at its purest. The Leonard Bernstein medley with which the second side begins is less successful. Opening with the Celebrants' "A Simple Song," from "Mass," a song whose simplicity has a hollow sound to me, it continues with "One Hand, One Heart," from "West Side Story," and two pieces from "On the Town"—the haunting "Some Other Time" and the brash comedy number "I Can Cook, Too," originally offered by Nancy Walker in the role of a cabdriver, and totally unsuited to Miss Cook, or perhaps anybody other than Miss Walker.

The conductor, Harper, is responsible for the music of four of the numbers, most notably "The Ingenue," a Gilbertian patter song with a lyric by David Zippel, who also collaborated with Harper on the zingy "It's Better with a Band," a commonplace piece given a sense of urgency by the singer and a sprightly band arrangement. Elsewhere, there are a couple of indifferent songs by Harper with lyrics by Paul Zakrzewski—"I Never Knew That Men Cried" and "Sing a Song with Me." They are somewhat atoned for by being bracketed with superior pieces, the first with Laura Nyro's "I Never Meant to Hurt You" and the second with Joe Raposo's "Sing" (here called "Chant la Vie," with a French lyric). Miss Cook's remaining effort couples Harry Nilsson's "Remember" with Melissa Manchester's infinitely more appealing "Come In from the Rain."

Miss Cook's voice is generally one of good cheer, enthusiastic but also able to invest rueful ballads with charm and conviction, and I can't recall its ever having been better recorded.

I WISH I could say the same for "Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music" (Qwest 2QW 3597), a two-record set devoted to Miss Horne's current Broadway show, which is almost, but not quite, a one-woman affair. (A trio identified as The Company, and consisting of a man and two women, sings and talks the first part of a section entitled "Cotton Club Revue.") It's difficult to say why a stage performance that has elicited such ecstatic praise should deserve less than that in recorded form. Of course, there's the fact that the star's mere presence is enough to stun most spectators; and then there's the fact, curious and never fully understood by me, that Miss Horne, though she has made a good many recordings over the years, has never enjoyed wide success in this field, as she freely admits in one of the reminiscences that dot her show. But I suspect that another circumstance—that this "live" performance has been spliced together from tapes of (I am told) five actual performances of the show—has something to do with the record's problems. For however subtly and judiciously the engineering and editing of show and audience applause have been accomplished, there are bound to have been miscalculations along the way, especially in the trimming, necessary though it was, of the wild applause following many of Miss Horne's renditions, to which she can be heard responding at times.

There are many gems here, nevertheless. At random, I might mention "Push the Button," from Miss Horne's one successful Broadway show, "Jamaica;" a "Bewitched" that makes the song glow with fresh life; "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," of all things, because, as she feels obliged to tell us, she likes the song; and, of course, "Stormy Weather," presented twice, at different junctures, but done in full—verse and chorus—and with full force only the second time around. There are anecdotes along the way, and amusing references to various stages of her career. The orchestra, under Harold Wheeler, is first-rate. It may just be that a performance such as Miss Horne's, which is one long high, simply cannot be contained on records.

ENTIRELY appropriate to records is "The Rodgers and Hart Album" (RCA ARL1-4123), another of those collaborations by the pianist William Bolcom (he is also a composer) and his wife, the soprano Joan Morris—a pair who have previously investigated Gershwin, Kern, and Berlin for the same firm. Both parties are, to their credit, devoted to offering straightforward, unadorned performances, which do not allow for any intrusion of personality, so what we get is thoughtful presentations of such familiar songs as "The Lady Is a Tramp," "Where or When?," and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and such less familiar ones as "Take Him," "A Tree in the Park," and "This Funny World"—to cite six of the baker's dozen offered. So far so good. But while Bolcom's accompaniments are flawless, his wife's delivery is often strange; that is, her phrasing is slightly off, so that while the individual words and notes are meticulously produced they don't always lie in the most natural places and therefore convey little feeling. A lovely ballad such as "Spring Is Here" is sung in much the same precise, polite manner as the jaundiced "Ten Cents a Dance." They're purists, these two, and they perform a service in bringing back some rarities, but you'll have to look elsewhere for the full measure of such songs.

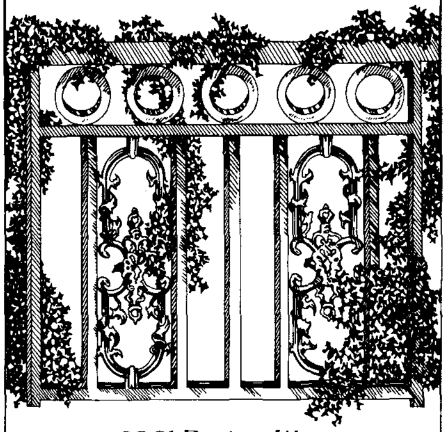
THE Smithsonian's latest "archival reconstruction" of a Broadway musical of the dim past is "At Home Abroad" (Smithsonian DPM1-0491), the 1935-36 Dietz and Schwartz revue. The sketches, two of which are included, were written by others, but the songs, all of them by Arthur Schwartz (music) and Howard Dietz (words), represented the latest effort by a team that had in 1931 provided Broadway with the musical numbers for the landmark revue "The Band Wagon" and in 1932 "Flying Colors," to name two of the choicest of their shows.

"The Band Wagon" was such a success that Dietz and Schwartz tended to follow its song pattern thereafter. Thus, in "At Home Abroad" the songs "Loadin' Time," "Got a Bran' New Suit," and "Love Is a Dancing Thing" occupied spots relative to "I Love Louisa," "New Sun in the Sky," and "Dancing in the Dark," in "The Band Wagon," and to "Louisiana Hayride," "A Shine on Your Shoes," and "Alone Together" in "Flying Colors." (There are differences, naturally: "Love Is a Dancing Thing," a neglected piece with a truly dancing melody, is much lighter in vein than either of its counterparts.)

As in the Smithsonian's other reconstructions, the performances have been assembled from several sources, for in 1936 the "original cast" recording had not yet come into being. (The one exception was the commercially unsuccessful album of "The Band Wagon" with its orchestra and its stars, Fred and Adele Astaire.) For example, while Beatrice Lillie's dithering dialogue with a store clerk

L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe

Recipient of the Mobil Five Star
and AAA Five Diamond
coveted awards.
One of only three hotels
to be so honored anywhere.

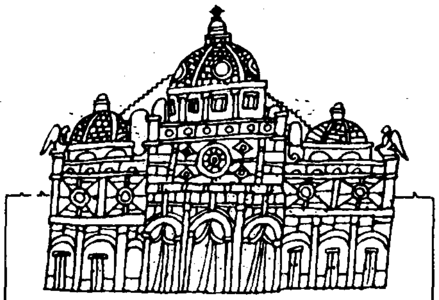


9291 Burton Way
Beverly Hills, California
(213) 278-3344
(800) 282-4818, in California
(800) 421-4306, Nationwide
Or see your Travel Agent

Calendartile
1st Edition

by the 400 year old pottery of Henriot Quimper, France. Fully handpainted in soft blue, red, green. On reverse, 1982 calendar. 5"x3¾" check/money order, $29.50
Ct. tax 7½ %

Visit our shop
QUIMPER FAIENCE
141 Water Street
Stonington, CT 06378
Brochure $1, free w/order



ItaliaAdagio

the most beautiful tours of Italy ever created

Leave the forced marches of conventional travel and explore the cities of central and northern Italy where mass tourism cannot go.

Designed and directed by the American painter, Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence. For the discerning traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, the luxury of castle hotels, and the fine Italian art of exuberant dining.

Rome, Tarquinia, Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Gubbio, Urbino, Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Siena, Florence and environs (five days), Venice, Padua, Asolo, Marostica, Verona, Sirmione.

23 Days - Departs May 20, June 19, Sept. 9, Oct. 7, 1982.
Land Arrangements $2590. plus air fare.

April 29-May 16
Italia Adagio goes to Sicily!
Escorted by Frieda Yamins and the distinguished lecturer, Countess Claudine Gnoli.

Detailed Brochure Available from
ItaliaAdagio
162C Whaley Street,
Freeport, New York 11520
(516) 868-7825

For the eleventh year we invite fourteen discerning travelers who are interested in ecology, wildlife and photography to join our leisurely yacht cruises to

Discover Galapagos®

AUGUST 13 TO 25 and
OCTOBER 22 TO NOVEMBER 3, 1982

We provide a full week at these unique islands, with ample time for daily shore expeditions under expert guidance; and, before the cruise, we enjoy three days in Quito, Ecuador's lovely capital, with excursions in the Andes and then make the spectacular road journey to the coast.

Detailed brochures of the cruises and a copy of our newsletter which lists all our fascinating travel programs, available from:

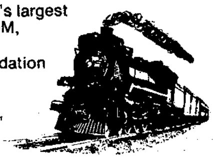
HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

WANTED!
YOUR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DOLLARS



To help rebuild/build America's largest operating RAILROAD MUSEUM, STEAMTOWN, U.S.A.
A non-profit educational foundation
I.R.S. 501(c)(3)
Write: Don Ball, Jr., Director,
STEAMTOWN FOUNDATION,
BELLOWS FALLS, VT 05101
(802)463-3937

and his superior over "double damask dinner napkins" was a highlight of the revue, it was actually the British comedienne Cicely Courtneidge who created the character and recorded the number (abroad), and so it is her version that is used here. Reginald Gardiner's imitation of trains and, in passing, of wallpaper is still amusing as heard in his own creation "Trains." Miss Lillie's comedy songs "Paree" and "Get Yourself a Geisha" (the latter wears much better than the former) were originally recorded by her for Liberty Music Shops. Ethel Waters was also a star of the show, but her two big numbers, "Hottentot Potentate" and "Thief in the Night," also taken down by Liberty, hardly do this great singer justice.

In fact, "At Home Abroad," however engaging it may have been as a show, cannot be considered a major Dietz-Schwartz effort. "That's Not Cricket," sung by the tap dancer Eleanor Powell in a recording with the Tommy Dorsey orchestra (which was not in the show), sounds as if it had an attractive tune somewhere in the background, but Miss Powell largely ignores it, in a mannered vocal unquestionably dictated by her performance onstage. She and the Dorsey band are also heard in "What a Wonderful World," a minor songwriting exercise. Other items include Karen Morrow's attractive singing of "Loadin' Time," recorded in recent years by Monmouth-Evergreen, and, recorded at the same time, for the same outfit, "Farewell My Lovely," a poor ballad ably enough expressed by Clifford David. Bringing the recording to a close are Schwartz's own piano performances (along with some vocalizing by him in the second piece) of "Love Is a Dancing Thing" and "Got a Bran' New Suit"—excerpts from a recording that the composer made a few years ago for British RCA, which was subsequently released here.

As is often the case with these Smithsonian compilations, the photographs and notes—they run to four pages here, the informative discussion being the work of the musical-comedy historian Stanley Green—constitute an invaluable supplement to the recording. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

Household appliances also can be hazards. But only those approved by a safety testing laboratory.—*Pamphlet of the Credit Union National Association.*

A good thing to know.

Want to be a Great Lover?
Applaud when he enters the room . . .
paint hearts on her toenails . . .
admire his teeth . . .
and if all else fails . . .

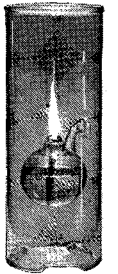
Lie Down and Roll Over

and 159 Other Ways to Say I Love You

by JIM ERSKINE and GEORGE MORAN,
creators of *Fold a Banana, Throw a Tomato*, and *Hug a Teddy*

Illustrated throughout. $5.95, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Please add $1.00 postage and handling charge. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

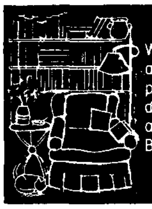
Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.



Elegant Illumination.

A graceful, handblown glass lamp—odorless & cleanburning—10 to 30 hrs.—when filled with a quality lamp oil. Four sizes: 6"—$27.50 / 9"—32.50 / 12"—36.50 / 15"—46.50.—Design Patent: Wolfard Glassblowing Co.

Mail Check or Money Order to:
PERFORMER'S OUTLET (a gift shop)
222 East 85th St. NYC, NY 10028
Add $4.00 Shipping; $2.00 each additional lamp.
(NY Residents add 8% sales tax)
Mastercharge, Visa, & American Express
ORDERS: (212) 249-8435 or 249-3088



"A Mountaintop Country Inn"

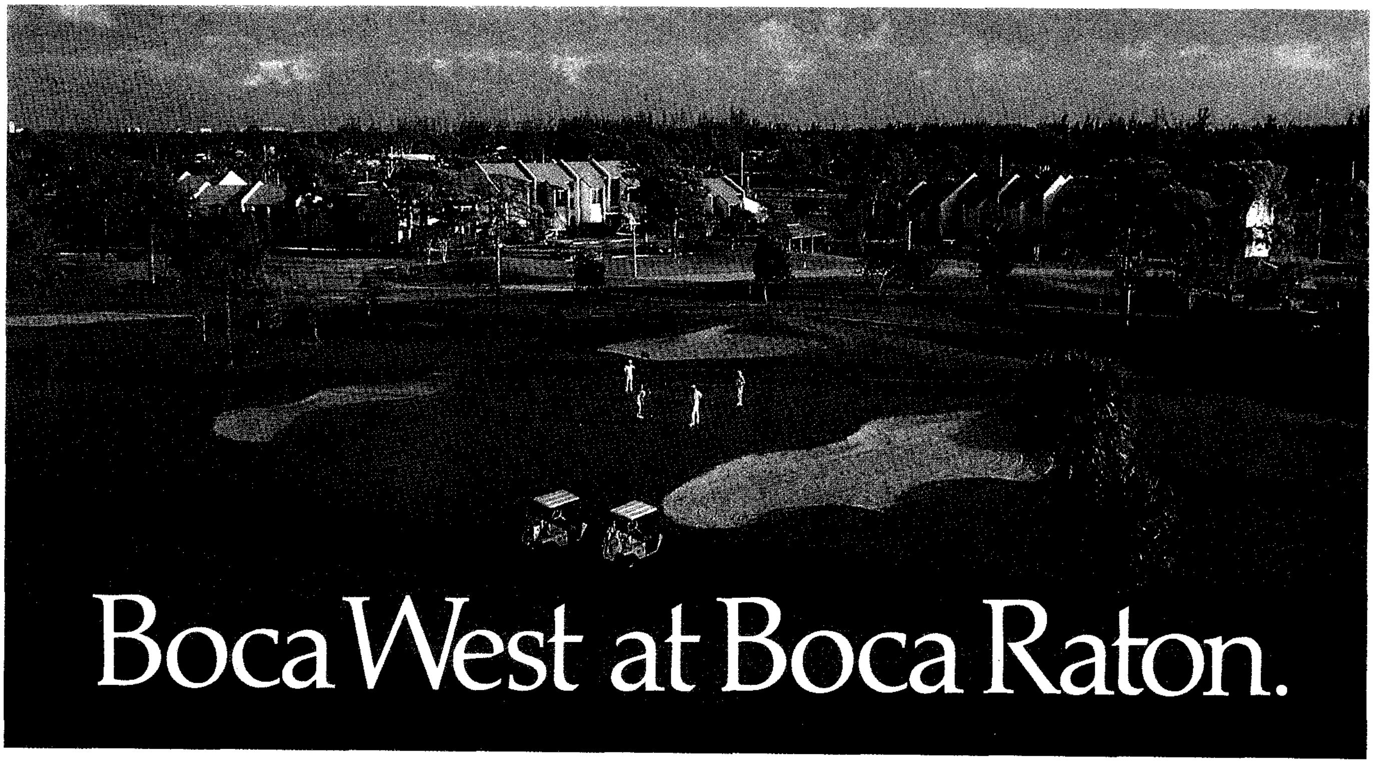
With breathtaking views of Mt. Washington and the White Mountains. 14 cozy rooms with private baths, a crackling fire, superb food & drink. Home of Snowvillage Ski Touring. Five alpine ski areas. Skating on Crystal Lake. The Blymyer family welcomes you.

SNOWVILLAGE INN, Box NY
Snowville, N.H. 03849 (603)447-2818

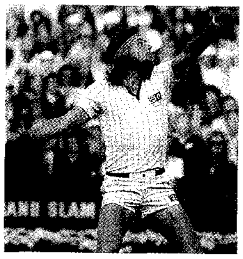
Winner of
Mobil Guide 5 Star Award
Holiday Magazine Award

Cafe Chauveron

9561 East Bay Harbor Drive
Bay Harbor Islands, Fla.



Within one of Florida's most exclusive communities, one of America's most extraordinary resorts.



Just west of Boca Raton on Florida's Gold Coast is a magnificent subtropical paradise called Boca West.

Created by Arvida Corporation, this exclusive resort community epitomizes the best of Florida living and vacationing.

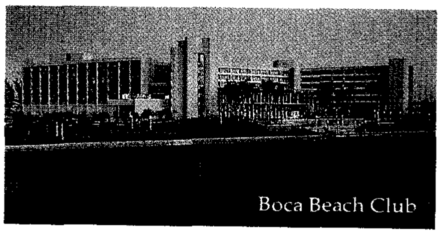
Boca West offers charming resort accommodations in woodsy, yet architecturally dramatic golf and tennis villas with vaulted ceilings and open patios.

Home of the nationally-televised Grand Slam of Tennis, featuring stars like Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe, and the Johnny Miller Pro-Am Golf Tournament, Boca West is a sportsman's dream. The Boca West Club offers an impressive array of recreational amenities: four 18-hole golf courses, twenty-nine clay tennis courts, an Aquatic Center with four swimming pools, pristine lakes for fishing and canoeing, elegant clubs, superb dining and much more.

But the resort pleasures don't stop at Boca West. A guest also receives full club privileges at Arvida's other two Boca Raton resorts, The Boca Raton Hotel & Club and The Boca Beach Club. Together, the three offer an endless variety of resort pleasures.

Plan to visit Boca West.
You'll discover that Boca West is very private, very exclusive. A resort enclave within a special residential community. With something for you to enjoy every minute of the day.

Come stay a day, a week or a month.



Boca Beach Club

See your travel agent. Or call toll-free 800/327-0137. In Florida, 800/432-0184. Or for further information, please return this coupon.

ARVIDA

NY-12

BocaWest
Resort & Club
P.O. Box 225
Boca Raton, Florida 33432

Name ________________________

Address ________________________

City ________________________

State/Zip ________________________

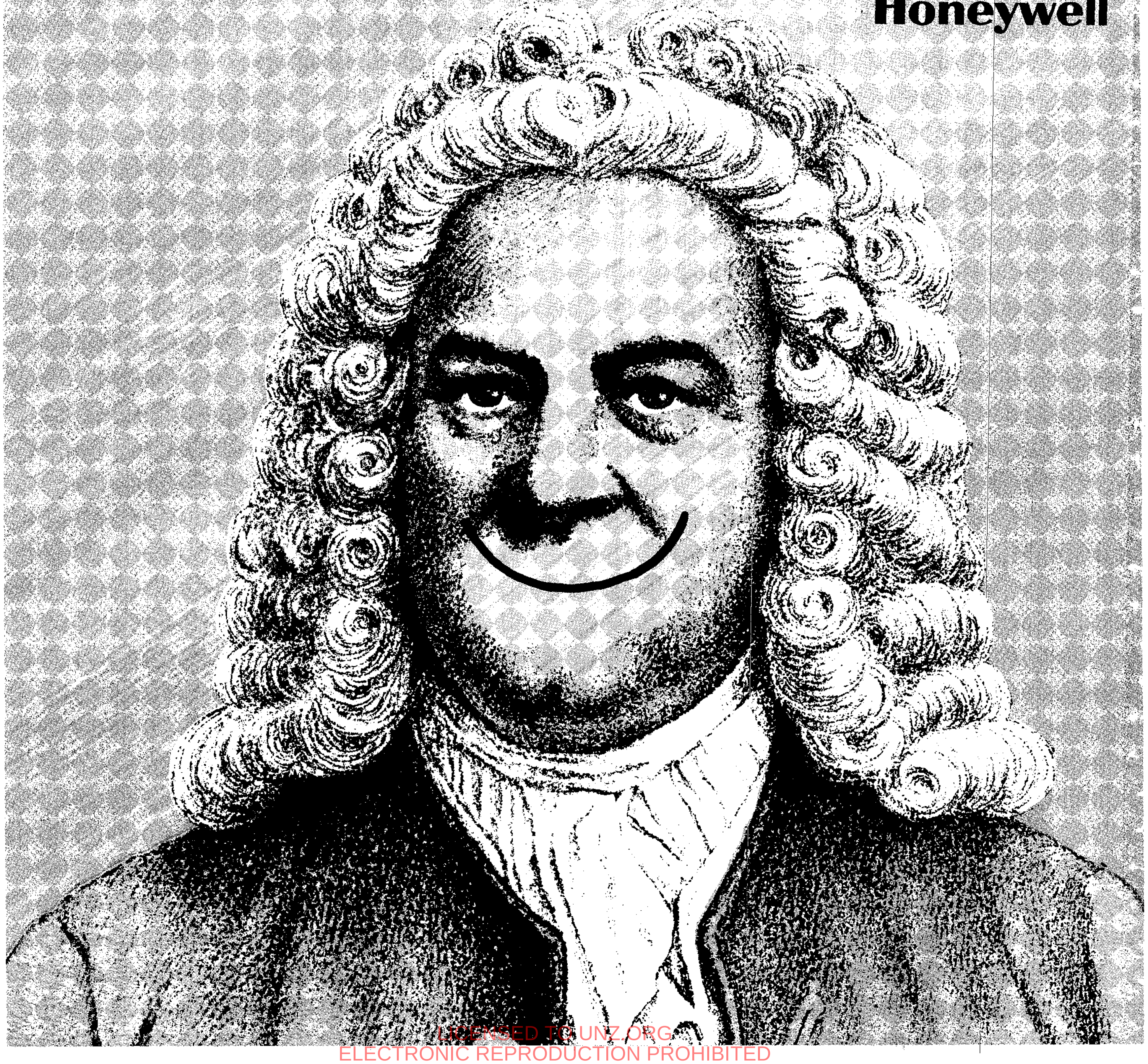
The Joy of Bach.

Honeywell invites you to spend a holiday hour with the man and his music. Not just a stern-faced architect of musical monuments, but a man of festive spirit and playful nature as well. 200 years later, Bach is at home in our own, as well as the traditional, idiom.

Join us on PBS Wednesday, December 30th for a look at Bach's life, the places he lived and worked, and hear his music performed by outstanding artists of our time. Artists like Yehudi Menuhin, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Virgil Fox, Larry Adler, The Swingle II Singers, The Berlin Chamber Orchestra and many more.

The Joy of Bach, Wednesday, December 30th. Consult your local listings for time and channel.

Honeywell



THE THEATRE

Oompah, Oompah!

HOW lucky I am to have found a show to praise during this holiday season, when even reviewers with hearts of stone long to play Cratchit instead of Scrooge! The brassy fanfare I must be imagined to be sounding is for "The Big Apple Circus," which will be running through January 3rd at Lincoln Center, in a blue-and-yellow tent on the terrace to the south of that stranded Moby Dick of a building the Metropolitan Opera. "The Big Apple Circus" is small, friendly, and full of charm; it has been produced on what, in the world of circuses, amounts to a domestic scale, with a single ring, a few trapezes clustered overhead, and a lively six-piece band. The acts are appealingly modest, and in the case of the aerialists just frightening enough to have drawn me to the edge of my chair without making me avert my eyes. (What is the name of the pathological condition in which one has a fear of *other* people's finding themselves in dangerously high places? Whatever the condition is called, I have it.) The circus boasts an ample number of clowns, jugglers, unicyclists, acrobats, and prettily bespangled, incandescently smiling young animal trainers; it also has a baby elephant, unusually sophisticated for its age, that plays a harmonica, drinks bottled water, and wears an expression of amused world-weariness as it trundles obligingly round and round the ring. On the high wire is Philippe Petit, who gained immortality a few years ago by strolling from the roof of one World Trade Center tower to the roof of the other, below him a thousand feet of— But no, I don't want to think about it.

HOPING against hope to escape the taint of Scroogeness, I am nevertheless obliged to report that "Kingdoms," at the Cort, is an ambitious but unsuccessful attempt to write a melodrama about the historic collision between Napoleon and Pius VII. The title has at least a double meaning, since it refers to the troubled, war-torn kingdoms of this world and to the kingdoms, infernal and heavenly, that are not of this world. Napoleon is the deputy of the Devil, and Pius VII is the deputy of God, and the contest between them is a strenuous one, which the author, Edward Sheehan, recounts with what I assume to be reasonable accuracy (though Napoleon's bestowal of a sexy kiss upon the mouth of Pius might well be hard to document) and yet leaves only partly dramatized. The two men talk at each other in a fashion that lets us perceive that the points scored exist for the sake of a contemporary audience, and not because they arose and were dealt with in the course of any authentic early-nineteenth-century colloquy. Mr. Sheehan sees his two leading figures not only as antagonists but as brothers; given the difference in their ages—when the play begins, in 1804, Napoleon is thirty-five and the Pope is sixty-four—a son-and-father relationship is surely more likely (and more poignant, Oedipus being a grander victim of fate than Achilles), and Napoleon often teasingly addresses His Holiness as "Papa," in a parental and not an honorific sense. Napoleon was indeed ruthless in his manipulation of Pius, and Pius appears to have consented, with increasing reluctance, to being manipulated, but in the vivid and turbulent Napoleonic story of history, Pius is by no means a major figure; his close adviser Cardinal Consalvi can be argued to have played a more significant role in the Church's struggle to survive what has been called the darkest period of the Papacy.

Armand Assante plays the self-crowned Emperor in a way that unluckily brings to mind not Bonaparte but Brando; still, he has found a number of interesting aspects in the character, especially in respect to Napoleon's boyishness and hot temper. With equally bad luck, Roy Dotrice, as Pius, puts us in mind of his stunning impersonation of John Aubrey; the Pope shuffling about in near-rags during his imprisonment at Fontainebleau becomes all too obviously the cranky old writer-antiquary. As the Empress Josephine, Maria Tucci has little to do except to look regal and desirable; how she must hate uttering her curtain line to the effect that "death is not so bad—it is like living in the country." As a playwright, Mr. Sheehan, whose first professional production this is, must learn to suppress such glib cocktail chatter. Others in the cast are Thomas Barbour, George Morfogen, Michael Tolaydo, and Charles White. The set was designed by David Hays, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, the lighting is by Paul Gallo, and the direction is by Paul Giovanni.

—BRENDAN GILL

THIS GUY LOOKS GUILTY AS HELL.

DANCING

Ballet Fantasque

THE latest additions to American Ballet Theatre's Balanchine repertory are well chosen: "La Sonnambula," which no one does well (so legend has it), and "Bourrée Fantasque," which no one does anymore. I saw them both at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, along with "The Wild Boy," a new ballet by Kenneth MacMillan, which ought not to be done at all. Another of MacMillan's tales of sex and violence, this one is told in the form of a fable, and MacMillan is *no* fabulist. "The Wild Boy" stars Mikhail Baryshnikov and Natalia Makarova. "Configurations" was also made for Baryshnikov, with Marianna Tcherkassky. The dancers I saw, Kevin McKenzie and Martine van Hamel, seemed not to make any difference. "Configurations" features the mindlessly methodical swirling-to-music of Choo San Goh, set this time to Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto. The place for Goh's choreography, surely, is the movies. Since it never accumulates an image, the continual dispersal of effects which the movies inflict on classical choreography ought to do it justice, and it would make an ideal background for those scenes in which something is happening onstage while, in the audience, Paul Newman hides from the police.

As an ensemble, A.B.T. looks better and better. The attention that Baryshnikov and his staff are giving to younger members of the company is paying off in performances such as the one I saw of Paul Taylor's "Airs." When, last season, this piece was first done—and done quite well—by A.B.T., there was some reason to assume that it would not last long. Productions of modern-dance works by ballet companies are usually token attempts to reproduce an alien style and can be abandoned early without disgrace. But just when one might expect A.B.T.'s Taylor experiment to start breaking down, the company put out a second cast, which was, on the whole, better than the first—better at the style, better at cutting loose and enjoying itself. Ballet Theatre's dancers are actually more adept at Taylor than they are at Fokine; I wish they had the kind of musical coaching that could point out the similarities between the two. "Les Sylphides," a lovable ballet, is still getting the overreverent, uncomprehending treatment that long ago killed it for modern-day audiences. The dancers are more vigorous and more correct than they used to be; their performance of the hallowed choreography bears evidence of step-by-step scrutiny. But without spontaneity—without the kind of crazy pleasure they get out of "Airs"—"Les Sylphides" does not exist.

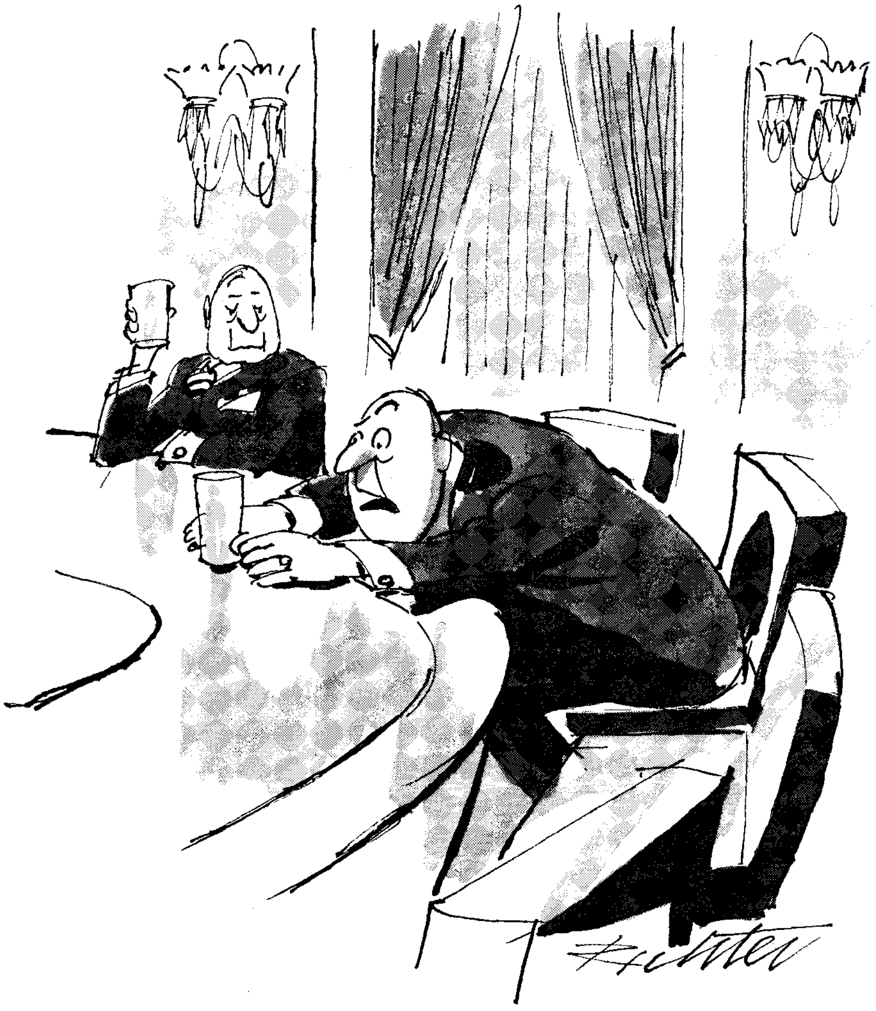
I wish, too, that more rigorous musical coaching could be given the Balanchine works. "La Sonnambula," which was acquired last year, and the new "Bourrée Fantasque" are triumphs of production. The first has a fine atmospheric set, by Zack Brown, and pretty period costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge. The second is an exact replica of the old New York City Ballet production of 1949, with Jean Rosenthal's candelabra backdrop, which the company used on tour, replacing her cartwheel chandelier, which it used at home. The snappy black Karinska costumes, slashed with saffron, ice blue, and cerise, are all there; the girls have their fans, the boys their tams, and nothing is really wrong except that the dancers don't fit inside the music. Chabrier should be their element, but they aren't into it yet. They're attuned more to the piece's situations and its gags, which Balanchine doesn't really develop, than to its musical expression, which he does. The dancers may respond that way because the choreography has very few steps and the music very high spirits. The ballet represents Balanchine in his bewitching Harlequin mood and also at his most thrifty. How much he manages to accomplish with how little! New York City Ballet danced "Bourrée Fantasque" throughout the fifties alongside a simplified "Symphony in C" and a theatrically surefire "La Valse." For the relatively inexperienced troupe that N.Y.C.B. then was, that trio provided ear training, dance technique, a taste of the French genius, glamorous roles, and —not to be underestimated—applause. One guesses that when "Bourrée Fantasque" was being made Balanchine set the timings, saying to his charges, "Do these little things for me and you will be a hit." If he didn't actually say it, he didn't need to; the choreography said it for him. And that is how it works now, even with some of the dancers misconceiving their roles. Some who do not include van Hamel in the first movement; she's musical *and* funny, with her fan, her girlish floral headpiece, and her broad, restlessly shifting thighs, though a farther cry from the role's originator, Tanaquil LeClercq, can't be imagined. Her partner, Danilo Radojevic, wisely lets her take the lead; Johan Renvall, in the second cast, keeps pressing himself on Leslie Browne, who has no choice but to react (more and more fretfully). In the two outer movements of the ballet, the ensemble roles are juicy. In the second movement, the corps of women runs and poses or glides along on point while the principals do all the work. The work is not hard, except for its partnering "lesson," which has the man three times cut into the path of his partner's en-dehors pirouette and complete it in a promenade, his arm around her waist. The subtlety and restraint of the choreography and the wonderful fragrance of the music (the Intermezzo from the opera "Gwendoline") make this movement one of Balanchine's tenderest adagios, especially in its "love" passages. Understatement—of necessity, perhaps—was the key, but there is true poetic understatement in the moment when the ballerina, caught in arabesque by her partner, simply lowers her head and brushes the floor with her point, or when she falls headlong into his arms to a sudden hush in the music. Young Susan Jaffe, who has looked wooden to me in her other classical roles, suddenly melted here, yet without losing the firmness of outline and accent that characterize the part.

The third movement, to the "Fête Polonaise," recaptures and extends the brio of the first. The corps makes a running entrance in couples, as in "Theme and Variations;" coryphées swing into huge kicks, pitch themselves forward and back in their partners' arms, and split their legs in high lifts. Finally, the cavalier brings on the mite-size ballerina and flies her highest of all. Ronald Perry's love for his work shines through everything he does, even this hefting role; and Christine Spizzo is the most rapturous of heftees—she cartwheels through the air like a glorified cancan dancer at the Moulin Rouge. From here on, the ballet is all Balanchine pyrotechnics, the formations coming and going like neon against the night. When you think you've seen it all, Chabrier throws another switch and off we go again. The "Fête Polonaise" is really a waltz, drunk with space and surging with color, and Balanchine knows exactly when to hurl his forces into it and when to refrain from competition. At one point, he lets the music build and build while three alternating armies of dancers do nothing more than cross the stage in diagonal run-run-jeté-jeté sweeps. I had not seen the ballet in fifteen years, and it had been an explosive and brilliant memory. It is a revelation to see of what plain material it is really made. Yet all of it—even the coarse-grain parts—is very finely cut. The mere-ness of "Bourrée Fantasque" is a deception.

Maria Callas, the most highly praised actress among all the dramatic sopranos of our time, used to say that she took her dramatic cues from the music. In the most recent biography, she is quoted as saying, "When you want to find how to act onstage, all you have to do is listen to the music." And, she adds, "really listen with your soul and your ears." It is good advice for dancers of Balanchine ballets. Callas, I think, would have understood what Balanchine was up to when he divorced Bellini's plots from Bellini's music and created the ballet that he eventually called "La Sonnambula." (Actually, the scenario and the musical arrangements were devised for Balanchine by Vittorio Rieti.) In its new context, away from the vacuous libretti that for years exposed it to gross misjudgment and neglect, the transcendent purity of the music is liberated and its intrinsic dramatic power is confirmed. In 1946, when Balanchine and Rieti made their ballet, the bel-canto revival that Callas inspired had not yet dawned. It took courage to use this music in support of a *new* story, which, while not as loony as the one that Bellini had used in the opera "La Sonnambula," was nevertheless a somnambulist fantasy drawn from the Romantic ballet of Bellini's time. (Bellini's opera borrowed its plot from Aumer's ballet "La Somnambule.") Balanchine's ballet does not have a sleeping girl poised above a water wheel; it has a Poet who, like James in "La Sylphide," engages a supernatural force. At a masked ball, he encounters a Sleepwalker who has emerged from some secret part of the house, and during a long scene in which she does not once awaken or otherwise acknowledge his presence he dances with her, tantalized at first, then enthralled. When she drifts away, he plunges after her as recklessly as James plunges after the Sylph. Sylph and Sleepwalker symbolize a desire that cannot be consummated in this world; James and the Poet pay for their crime of hubris, but, unlike James, the Poet is vindicated in the end by a gesture that places him beyond the reach of society's judgment. Dead in the arms of his magic beloved, he is translated with her into eternity. The actual depiction of this event on the stage still stirs disbelief. The Sleepwalker carries the body away unaided (which is shock enough); then we see the light of her candle as it travels up the dark tower whence she came, moving from this window to that until it appears by itself above the tower and rises into the sky.

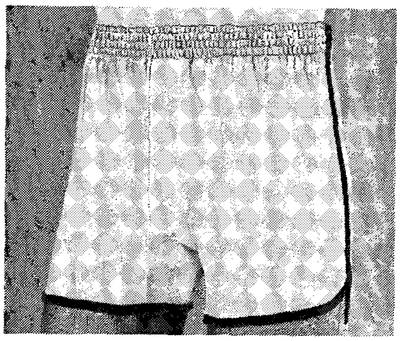
The ballet takes the charges of frivolity, emotional insincerity, and shallowness that were commonly levelled against bel canto and converts them into a dramatic rationale. The life of society as the Poet knows it *is* frivolous, insincere, and shallow. The visual metaphor for this—the masked ball—is borne out in simpering social dances that reach a peak of affectation (and charm) in a grand polacca (to "Son vergin vezzosa" from "I Puritani"). As the entertainment that the host has set out, Rieti arranged a "Bellini" suite of lightweight and somewhat scatty dances, performed not by the guests but by hired professionals. Yet the passion of "Qui la voce" from "I Puritani" and "Ah! non credea mirarti" from "La Sonnambula" also belongs to Bellini, and the passages of shimmering and mournful cantilena which form the basis for the great Sleepwalker-Poet pas de deux and the traumatic finale give the ballet its heart. Social intrigue and theatrical artifice: one feels that the Poet's choice anathematizes all forms of hypocrisy. Against the masquerade, the tunes, and the dances, there is this one cry of the artist and his wound.

The new production has the ball take place in a leafy walled garden with the tower to one side and a bridge running across the top. The candlelight at the end moves out of the tower



"I blame my parents, and the previous Administration."

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Soft All Cotton Knit Boxer Shorts 4 for $30

Pure, mercerized 2-ply cotton knit, unusually soft, comfortable yet resilient, in our handsome boxer shorts. Taped double-stitched seams, stretch seat for extra durability. Machine washable, dryable; wrinkle resistant. Full cut, with tapered side vents, bound with piping for smooth fit. White with navy trim. Even sizes 28 to 46.

☐ Please send catalogue.

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt Kirk, Ltd. A1M281
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shorts (79108A): Size______ Quantity____
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______ Expir.____
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name______
Address______
______ Zip____

BB
You Will Enjoy Fine Golf, Tennis, Swimming and Dining
At the Famous
Belleview Biltmore
WRITE or CALL for DETAILS (813) 442-6171
BELLEAIR CLEARWATER, FLORIDA 33517

Listed on the National Register
of Historic Places

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts *to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming* and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer *when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and* boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

and is straying somewhat inconclusively along the balustrade as the curtain falls. The suggestion is sometimes made that, for the ending to work, the set must have a second story, so that the Sleepwalker can take the Poet's body somewhere. The point, though, is that she takes it *from* somewhere to nowhere, and that point is not made, either at A.B.T. or at N.Y.C.B., by a follow spot that does nothing but light up features of the set. (The set in use at N.Y.C.B., an ascetic structure with carved stone masks hanging over it, is not even a somewhere.) At the Kennedy Center, when the Sleepwalker's music was first heard I didn't see the light come down the shaft, but it could be that my sight line was bad. Another jarring element was the restyling, by John Taras, of the Blackamoors' pas de deux as a "Danse Exotique," in Balinese-type costumes. The ruse doesn't work; Rieti's rhythm is Gottschalkian, and the dance is blackface minstrelsy. The fourth number in the Divertissement has been restored as a "Danse Gitane" for five women, with choreography also by Taras. Unlike the other dances in the suite, it just doesn't begin to sink in. It might make appropriate background action, like Choo San Goh's stuff. The way to dance the ballet is the way to dance any Balanchine ballet: follow the music. Victor Barbee has a clear picture of what he wants to project as the Poet—a lord of Romanticism, Manfred or Don Juan—and he approaches the Sleepwalker floridly, as if he were mentally composing an ode. But this interpretation misses what the music tells so clearly—that the hero is at this moment spellbound, struck witless by the vision of a beauty and innocence of which he had only dreamed. The pas de deux is the ballet's one statement of direct emotion. The Poet's inability to stop the Sleepwalker's forward momentum even when he locks his body around hers is a blow to an open heart, but the tragedy isn't shown, because, in fact, Barbee does stop her momentum, dragging her some five or six steps backward before she steps over him and walks on. And his slow backbend when he tries to restrain her should be drawn out to the fullest extent of the crescendo that accompanies it. There was a good moment in Barbee's performance later on: after he stumbled out of the tower and fell to his knees, he looked up in blank astonishment, as if he didn't know what had hit him. This is a Poet who doesn't realize he's broken the rules

Every major design Christian Dior ever created

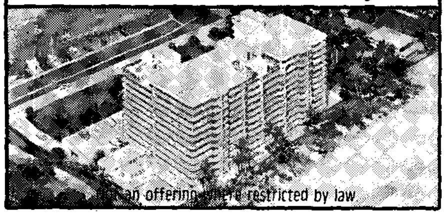
...displayed in 250 classic *Vogue* photographs (in color and black-and-white) by Penn, Avedon, etc. Includes *original* sketches and the life story of the legendary genius of fashion himself.

DIOR in VOGUE
by BRIGID KEENAN
Foreword by Margot Fonteyn

Size 8½" x 11¾". $25, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Please add $1.40 postage and handling charge. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

HARMONY BOOKS

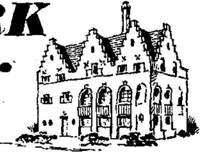
VILLA MAGNA
OCEANFRONT IN PALM BEACH COUNTY
Florida's Finest Condominium
92 Unique two & three bedroom condominium apartments.
Over 80% confirmed sales. Occupancy, June 1982
Priced from $295,000 Illustrated brochure on request
(305) 272-1576
2727 S. Ocean Blvd. Highland Beach, FL 33431
Between Boca Raton & Delray



Not an offering where restricted by law

EUROPEAN ADVENTURES
18th YEAR · TEENS & ADULTS
Small Groups · Talented Leaders
Are you intrigued with faltboating down the Danube? Bicycling in Holland? Ballooning in Austria?
BROWNE-LADD 1982
342 Woodbury Rd., Huntington, NY 11743
(516) 673-1080

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



until it's too late. When I saw Chrisa Keramidas as the Sleepwalker last summer, she was a stick figure, with long points, long hair, and a long nose. As she gathers confidence in the part, she becomes more beautiful and more beautifully rapt. Leslie Browne and Richard Shafer are uncomfortable as the Coquette and the Baron. Balanchine's staging of their scenes *is* quaintly operatic, but it's not strained or tense, and until the climax neither is the music. As Callas says, "listen with your soul and your ears." The only performer in the ballet who is given license to embellish, both by the trivial nature of the music and by the choreography, is the Harlequin. This Harlequin isn't like the hero of "Harlequinade;" he's crafty and show-wise. Johan Renvall danced and mimed inventively.

Kenneth MacMillan collaborated effectively with the composer Gordon Crosse in "Playground," produced a couple of years ago by Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. The choreography, which took character mime to clinical extremes, worked a favorite MacMillan theme, mental disorder. Though it's not a very likable piece, I hope it can be shown here. MacMillan and Crosse don't seem to have come up with much in "The Wild Boy." The music (which, like the score of "Playground," was composed separately) constantly imputes meanings to the choreography, and vice versa. The ballet never reveals what it intends by its primitive characters and forest setting. The story—of two men who jointly possess a woman and then capture a wild boy—resembles MacMillan's "Triad" combined with elements of Tudor's "Shadowplay." The theme of bestiality is pronounced. But MacMillan's treatment of it is disconcertingly bland. In sexual terms, the story is confused. The two men (Kevin McKenzie and Robert La Fosse) may be victims of the depravities of civilization, yet the Wild Boy's downfall comes less through contact with them than through contact with the Woman, whom they have brutalized. MacMillan, the master of the sensationally erotic pas de deux, has here contrived a specimen for Makarova and Baryshnikov which never gets those colored lights going. Maybe MacMillan needs a speedy tempo; this coupling is very slow and very long. And is it the Woman's or the Wild Boy's story that is being told? Our sympathies are attached to him, but she is an innocent, too. How, then, does it happen that sex with the Wild Boy doesn't revive her but only drains him? The moment of truth is reached when the two brutes are made to kiss each other accidentally and fall back in horror at this revelation of homosexuality. It drives the Wild Boy to drink, after which the animals of the forest sniff him disdainfully. Oliver Smith has done a big green jungle set, with looping vines. To judge from Willa Kim's brightly colored tatters, she may have thought she was designing costumes for a nursery tale. As for the dancers, Baryshnikov does everything willingly and lustily; MacMillan gets him into the air in some amazing renversé barrel turns. The next most powerful performance is La Fosse's; of all the young soloists in A.B.T., he shows the greatest improvement. McKenzie, like most of the principal dancers, seems to be nursing a problem. MacMillan has given him a good part. Makarova's part is oddly negative. In Ashton's dances for Stravinsky's "Nightingale," at the Met, she does little more than show off her ravishing figure, but she has authority.

Star performing at A.B.T. these days is likely to be uneven. Cynthia Gregory and Alexander Godunov do nothing for each other, though they are often teamed. Gregory in "Raymonda" (the divertissements from Acts II and III) and in Robbins' "Other Dances" was all gloss. She seems strong, yet the dancing lacks vitality; instead of a calm center, Gregory has a dead middle. Van Hamel, too, had begun to look a bit tired to me. Her perky "Bourrée Fantasque" was a surprise, and her grand Nikiya in the Shades scene of "La Bayadère" was the old van Hamel, fully restored. As her Solor, she had Patrick Bissell, who never fails, either as partner or as soloist. No, he hasn't cleaned up his style, but is there a young male dancer in the world with a greater generosity toward his partner or a more accurate sense of the shape of a classical variation? In this same "Bayadère," the dancing of Cheryl Yeager, Deirdre Carberry, and Susan Jaffe as the Shadows was the best this production has seen. In that fact alone may lie the true measure of the progress American Ballet Theatre has made in the past year.

—ARLENE CROCE

EVERY ROOM IS A SUITE

ll accommodations are luxury suites
A world class hotel on glistening
Biscayne Bay and fashionable
Brickell Avenue. Superb amenities.
Jr. Suite from $92. 1 Bedroom Suite
from $112 thru April 12, 1982.

THE FOUR
AMBASSADORS
HOTEL

Ambassador Square
801 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131
Telephone (305) 377-1966 • TELEX 51-9351
Nationwide TOLL FREE (800) 327-5708
or see your travel agent

Mobil ★ ★ ★ ★

SOUSA & LEFKOVITS
Traditional Clothing Brokers

Traditional Clothing Catalog

Our Catalog enables you to purchase quality Traditional Clothing at affordable prices, such as...

OXFORD CLOTH SHIRTINGS, 60/40 cot./poly., avail. in white, blue, ecru, yellow & pink. Men's (14½"/32-17½"/36), Women's (4-14) Our price **$16.50**

Please include sizes and color . Add $1.75 ship. and hdlg., Calif. res. please add 6% sales tax. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Send your check, money order, Visa or Master Card (acct. # and exp. date) to:

ORDER A FREE CATALOG NOW.
621 South B St. NYN2, Tustin, CA 92680
Telephone 714/731-7151
outside Calif., Alaska & Hawaii
call: 800-854-6177

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

OVER the past year, newspapers and television shows have carried a number of interesting items about pets and people, indicating that, physiologically speaking, a pet is good for you and you are good for your pet. Stroking your dog or cat, experimenters have determined, reduces the blood pressure of both participants, thus also reducing chances of coronary trouble, at least for the one doing the stroking. If you are old, a pet might well add a year or so to your existence, say some of the people—great ones for statistics—whose line of work is observing the elderly. It is surprising nowadays to find anyone with a kind word for pets in cities—especially after the attacks not so long ago on dog owners for permitting their animals to dirty pavements and parks—and so I particularly noticed those items. Then came a story on the television news showing the denizens of certain old people's homes in New York being given a rare treat: kittens and puppies were brought in from animal shelters for the old folk to fondle for a while. Everyone involved in the exercise seemed very happy about the arrangement: the elderly people, the animals, and the newscasters, one of whom had tears in her eyes. It seemed apparent to me that we were witnessing the opening of a new and interesting field of investigation.

In this I was not mistaken. Early in the fall, I received in the mail a large envelope bearing, along with other literature, an announcement that there was soon to be a three-day event at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, called the First International Conference on the Human/Companion Animal Bond. The letter of announcement said, among other things:

> Are you aware that:
>
> A pet can help families, singles and the elderly effectively deal with loneliness and major life crises, such as divorce, job loss or change, retirement, death, illness? And that
>
> Companion animals are being used extensively by physicians and psychiatrists nationwide as catalysts to treat psychological disorders of children, juvenile delinquents, confined elderly, prisoners and alcoholics?

The letter told me, further, that a hundred and fifty scientists from around the world were coming to the conference, among them experts in the fields of medicine, psychology, anthropology, veterinary science, ethology, and education. An enclosure asked more questions, such as "What is the nature of people-pet relationships? How can this bond serve as a catalyst in therapy for children, families, singles, elderly, and the handicapped? What are the benefits of pets in a society that is becoming increasingly complex, technological, and impersonal? How can knowledge of those benefits influence the future of human health care and the laws governing pets in society?"

BY the time I had decided to go and had made reservations to stay in Philadelphia, four hundred and sixty-three other people either were on their way or had already arrived. On the train, I read that the conference was being sponsored principally by the university's Center for the Interaction of Animals and Society and by the Delta Group of the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, a California-based organization, founded in 1918, that supports research, education, and community projects concerned with the human-animal bond. Among a large group of co-sponsors were the American Veterinary Medical Association, the American Animal Hospital Association, the veterinary associations of Great Britain, and the American Psychiatric Association. Furthermore, the gathering was endorsed by the deans of all the major veterinary schools in North America—a total of twenty-seven—and by the major humane and animal-control organizations in the United States.

At the University City Holiday Inn, where the conference sessions were held, I found, here and there among the swarm of people interested in animals, a dog or two. One was a Seeing Eye Labrador, but another, a German shepherd, who attempted in the nicest way to eat my handbag, was evidently there just for the ride. Posters hung everywhere in the main hall, and long tables held literature, some applicable to the business at hand (books entitled "Pet-Oriented Child Psychotherapy," by Dr. Boris M. Levinson, and "Animals, Aging, and the Aged," by Leo K. Bustad) and some that might be described as peripheral (a pamphlet entitled "Dog and Cat Theft Is in Our County!" and "Animal Facilitated Therapy Model," a mysterious chart with labelled lines and arrows). What was more difficult to encompass than the mere reading matter was the schedule. There could be no nonsense about covering it all, or taking in even the most interesting subjects in their entirety. Anybody on his or her toes could hear all the morning addresses—"Pet Facilitated Psychotherapy," by Michael McCulloch, M.D.; "Recent Thinking About Animal Rights," by B. Rollins, Ph. D.; and so forth—but after lunch the agony of choice began. There were many research presentations, often at the same time. Did I want to hear about "Dogs as Monkey Companions," in Session 2a, or would I prefer the first talk in Session 2b, "Pet Ideas: The Domestication of Animals, Human Behavior, and Human Emotions"? And there was also Session 2c, which dealt with the loss of one's companion animal—"A Study of Client Stress and Grief Responses to Death or Loss in a Companion Animal Veterinary Practice." It was such an embarrassment of riches that making choices could of itself lead to stress. I settled for a kind of peripatetic survey, popping in at one talk and popping out again to seek another room. At some of the more popular meetings, I had to lean against the wall to listen. I heard and saw lists of statistics everywhere.

Anne Burgess

THE organizing committee itself seemed somewhat taken aback by the success of the conference, which its members had apparently not expected, though the list of grants and supporters should have warned them: the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation, the National Institute of Mental Health, that sort of thing. Credits filled a whole page of the program. Major support, I learned, had been contributed by, among others, the Pet Food Institute and the Gaines Dog Care Center, and then there were the Beecham Laboratories, the Community Animal Control Magazine, the National Groomers Association, and something

"My Homer always wilts in a crisis."

• •

called Paw Prints Country Estate Burial.

The chairman of all this was Aaron Honori Katcher, M.D., associate professor of psychiatry at the host university. He produced a particularly impressive set of statistics, and he was, of necessity, everywhere, talking to people, introducing speakers, carrying big cardboard boxes of literature around, and moving up and down corridors.

"This whole thing started here two or three years ago," I was told by Alan M. Beck, Sc.D., a large, bearded man who was listed as director of the university's Center for the Interaction of Animals and Society, and who had given a very popular talk on "Animals in the City." I had sought a chance to speak to Dr. Beck in part because he was an interesting lecturer and in part because I remembered a book he once wrote about dogs in Baltimore, called "The Ecology of Stray Dogs."

"Oh, you know that book?" he asked me. "It was the luckiest idea I ever had. It was my doctoral thesis at Johns Hopkins. I didn't have to go to some foreign country, or anything like that—my subjects were simply there. Some of them even got to know me. I would spend hours, of course, observing them. I didn't have to change their habitat or anything." Dr. Beck told me he had once run the Bureau of Animal Affairs for the New York City Health Department, from 1974 to 1978, and had taught at Washington University, in St. Louis, from 1972 to 1974. "Now, this conference helps open a new field of data on the impact of animals on society, and at least one good thing has come out of it—the Delta Group's interest. You see, we had to get some of this stuff into psychiatric circles, and interest serious periodicals. I think we've done it."

"One thing I'd like to ask about," I said. "In your talk today, you advised against hitting a dog with a rolled-up newspaper to punish it for making a mess on the carpet. I was brought up to think that that was the way to train them."

"Such treatment might make biters of them," said Dr. Beck. "It's better just to shout at them."

I asked another question that had been bothering me: Why were most of the speakers so obsessed with statistics?

"Well, I suppose they are," said Dr. Beck, whose own paper was fairly full of statistics. "It may be partly compensation. We aren't quite sure we're involved in a science. Not yet. But you just wait."

The popularity of Dr. Beck's talk was rivalled by that of a talk given by Victoria Voith, D.V.M., M.S., of the University of Pennsylvania, on animal-behavior problems. Almost everybody had questions about these, and I was no exception. I collared her after the meeting to ask, "What can be done about a dog that barks at the postman every single day? He brings food to the dog and makes friends, but the dog barks just as loud next time."

"He'll go on doing it, too," said Dr. Voith, "because the dog always wins."

I looked puzzled.

"The postman goes away every time," Dr. Voith explained.

There are, of course, other companion animals besides dogs. Horses were included in the discussions, and a paper entitled "Project Inreach: A Program to Explore the Ability of Bottlenose Dolphins to Elicit Communication Responses from Autistic Children," delivered by Betsy A. Smith, Ph. D., of Florida International University, seemed promising, so I captured a chair in her lecture room. Dr. Smith, it appeared, did not want to claim too much for the dolphins involved, which she worked with but did not own. There were three of them, show performers, and they did elicit responses from certain autistic children—children who were usually indifferent to the outside world. One of these, a girl, imitated the clicking noises made by the animals so well that the experimenter could not tell the difference between dolphin and child.

Then, there was Mrs. Natalie Bieber, who had sought to find out whether crippled children might benefit from riding some gentle horses on a farm near her in Connecticut. The title of her talk, in the style of these things, was evidently designed to put off as many hearers as possible: "The Integration of a Therapeutic Equestrian Program in the Academic Environment of Children with Physical and Multiple Disabilities." Nevertheless, it was a good, simple talk.

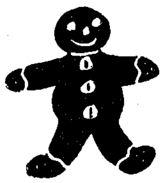
AFTER hearing too much scientific jargon, it was a relief to run into Mrs. Lesley Scott Ordish, to whose rescue I was able to come when somebody referred to a child's "peer group."

"I beg your pardon?" Mrs. Scott Ordish asked, in an English accent.

"Other children his own age," I volunteered, and she said, "Thank you," in fervent tones. It developed that she was one of those who had come to the conference from abroad—in her case, Kent, England. She told me that she had founded the PRO-Dogs National Charity, the first part of the name being an acronym for Public Relations Organisation, and the purpose of the charity being a response to what she suspected was a swing of public opinion against dogs.

"Even in England?" I asked.

"Especially in England," said Mrs. Scott Ordish. "It was exemplified in a television program entitled 'The Case Against Dogs,' which appeared in 1976 and came down heavily on the subject of *Toxocara canis*, a parasite found in some dogs which can sometimes be passed on to human beings. But the risk of becoming ill from the parasite isn't nearly as great as the program made out; the danger was cruelly exaggerated, and some of us dog lovers felt that we must do something to strike back. We heard that in the United States there is actually an organization dedicated to slandering dogs; it's called EDEN, or Eliminate Dogs Everywhere Now. Have you heard of it? Well, we got busy and counterattacked. One of our supporters is Barbara Woodhouse, the authority on dog training. I understand she's well known over here. So, as I said, we organized PRO-Dogs."



Mrs. Scott Ordish showed me a photograph of an English setter—a progenitor, she explained, of a strain of dogs she breeds—and went on to tell me how her group had set about reducing any possible causes for complaints against British dogs. She and her colleagues produced a brochure listing such complaints—fouling of footpaths, street accidents caused by roaming dogs, sheep worrying, noise nuisance, and spread of disease. "The first thing, of course, is to educate the dog-loving public," she said, and, having handed me a copy of the brochure, she indicated a paragraph: "All these problems are caused by people who either do not appreciate the need to ensure that their dog is not a nuisance to other people—or, far more likely, simply do not understand dogs well enough to provide the right caring environment to ensure a controlled and contented dog." To this end, she went on, the organization had produced posters with such messages as "Owning a dog is a privilege and a pleasure. . . . Do you deserve it?" and "There's no place like home . . . and that's where your best friend should be, *not* running the streets."

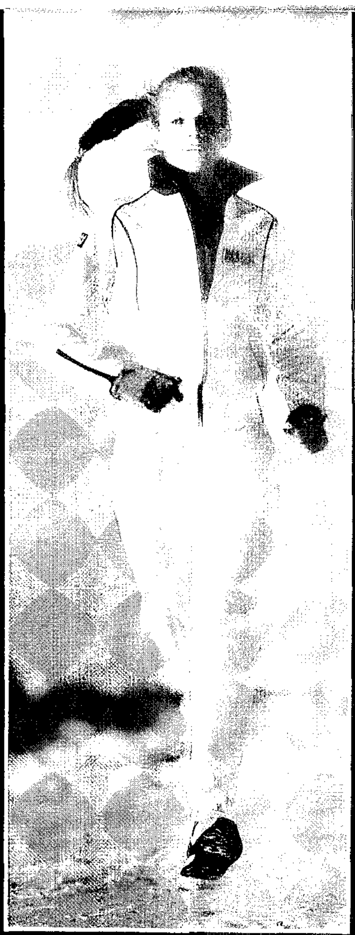
NO conference is complete without an awards dinner. This one was marked by the usual anecdotes and jokes. The final speaker was Dr. Boris M. Levinson, whose book I had already seen, and who is Professor Emeritus of Psychology at Yeshiva University. "In sharp contrast to public attitudes of twenty years ago, the field of animal-human relationships is now respected as a legitimate area of scientific investigation," he said. "However, it is not yet a full-fledged discipline, having still to develop a name, a theory, and a methodology of its own. . . . Although an ambivalent relationship has existed between man and animals since ancient days, we may now be ready to translate into a reality the myth of the Golden Age when animals and humans lived at peace with each other."

Times have changed, Dr. Levinson continued. Twenty years ago, at a meeting of the American Psychological Association, he read a paper on "The Dog as a Co-Therapist," and the reception was lukewarm. Some hearers accepted his ideas, but others ridiculed them and asked things like whether the dog shared fees. "Obviously, much water has flowed under the bridge since then," said Dr. Levinson. (I recalled that my physician has for some years included the item "Pet" on his form for new patients to fill out.) But the discipline doesn't even have a textbook yet, Dr. Levinson reminded the group.

Since the topic of the relationship between people and their animal companions can encompass almost all areas of human behavior, Dr. Levinson said, it has to be narrowed down and given a focus. In what field are the students of the subject operating—comparative psychology, ecological psychology, environmental psychology, ethology, or sociobiology? "I believe that our work lies in none of these established disciplines," he said. "We will have to look for new insights, new definitions, and new boundaries. . . . After all, science brings us knowledge through the medium of our senses, and this is mighty limited. If we forget how much we cannot 'know' in this way, we become insensitive to many happenings of great importance in the relationship between man, animal, and the rest of nature."

There are two distinct yet related paths to be followed, Dr. Levinson continued—the intuitive method, in which the worker looks upon an animal as a teacher and a friend, and the scientific method, in which the worker looks upon the animal as an object of curiosity. Early man viewed animals as equals. In some ways, he knew, they were superior to him in wisdom and strength. He came to view them also as mediators between himself and nature. Dr. Levinson followed up this idea at length. About the scientific method, he said, "We need an adequate theory to generate questions and methods. . . . We need longitudinal, cross-sectional as well as experimental studies. We also need replication of studies." That, I reflected, at least explained some of the statistics. But scientific research in the field of animal-human relationships has been quantitatively very meagre to date, said Dr. Levinson, and it has been difficult to fund research in such a new field. Still, young scholars have been soldiering on.

Dr. Levinson gave a masterly runthrough of the relations between man and animal since the beginning of time: the cave paintings of Altamira and Lascaux; the animal-headed gods of Egypt; medieval and Renaissance paintings depicting animals as man's servants, pets, hunting targets, and status symbols; and also the many references to animals in literature, as in the Talmud ("If a man had not been



FRANK SHORTER SPORTS WEAR

NEW BALANCE

BILL RODGERS & COMPANY

The Many Faces of GORE-TEX™ Fabric

...featuring lightweight, ACTIONEERED tricot of ANTRON®

DU PONT NYLON

MOSS BROWN & COMPANY

SUB 4

ADIDAS U.S.A.

No other running suit material today has the ability that GORE-TEX™ fabric has to keep weather out, including wind, snow and rain, while allowing the running suit to breathe, keeping you dry and comfortable. That's why many of the world's leading running suits (pictured) are manufactured with GORE-TEX™ fabric.

It's the same reason why the finest activewear manufacturers in the sailing, mountain climbing and ski industries have come to depend so heavily on GORE-TEX™ fabric for weatherproof performance.

GORE-TEX™ fabric, with its well known microporous membrane is laminated to a supple tricot knit of Antron* for lustrous, radiant colors, a soft dry hand and easy care. This combination makes GORE-TEX™ fabric the ultimate material for functional, yet fashionable weatherproof running suits.

When you want the very best ask for GORE-TEX™ fabrics.

For more information contact:

GORE

W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc.
Dept. R
2401 Singerly Road
Elkton, Maryland 21921

GORE-TEX®
fabrics

DUPONT
ZEPEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

™GORE-TEX is a trademark of W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc.

©Copyright 1981
W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc.

*Du Pont registered trademark.

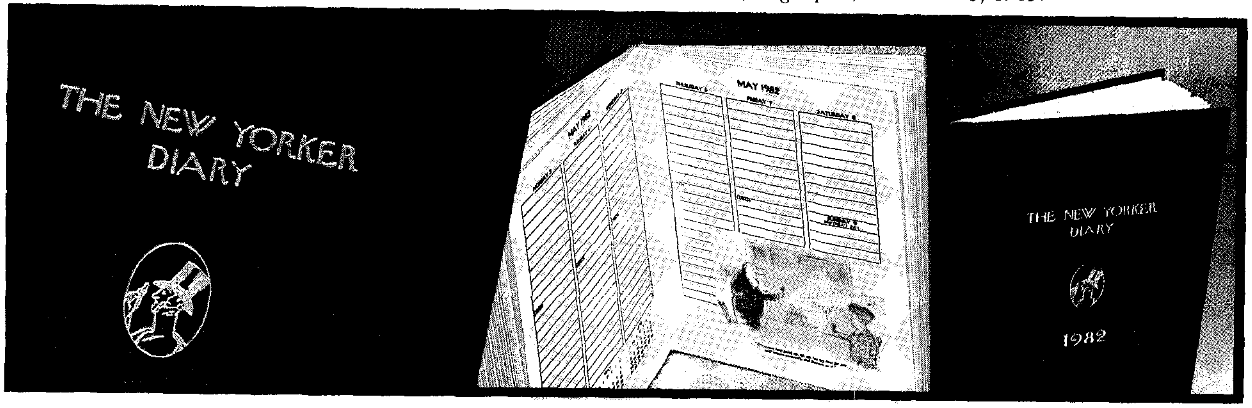
128 pages. Bound in kid-grained leatherette, now available in either dark walnut brown or navy blue.

Featuring 50 cartoons by New Yorker artists, marking the seasons, holidays, and topical subjects.

Reference guides to "Goings On About Town," Theatres, Movie Houses, Art Galleries, Hotels, Nightspots,

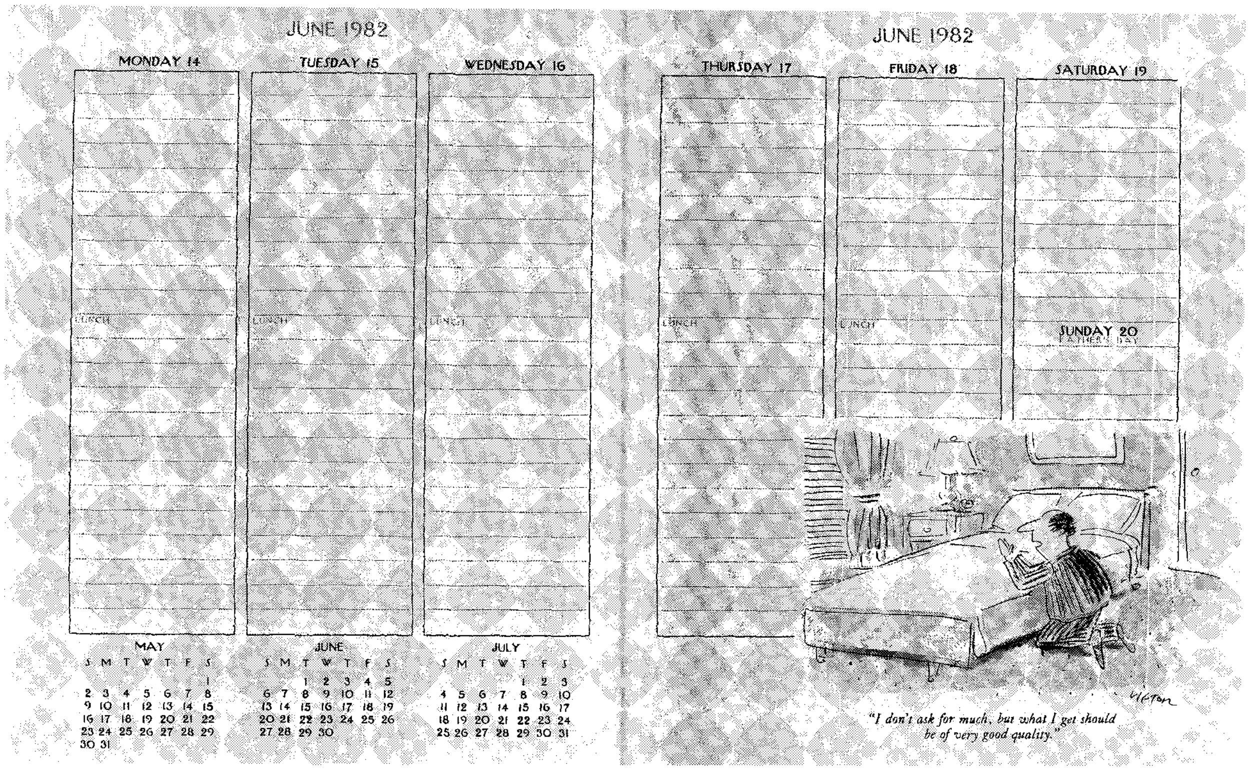
and other places of interest.

Full calendars for 1981, 1982, 1983.


THE NEW YORKER DIARY
MAY 1982
THE NEW YORKER DIARY
1982

THE DIFFERENT DIARY

ALSO AVAILABLE IN BROWN


JUNE 1982
MONDAY 14
TUESDAY 15
WEDNESDAY 16
JUNE 1982
THURSDAY 17
FRIDAY 18
SATURDAY 19
LUNCH
SUNDAY 20
FATHER'S DAY
MAY
S M T W T F S
1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28 29
30 31
JUNE
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30
JULY
S M T W T F S
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31

"I don't ask for much, but what I get should be of very good quality."

SAMPLE SPREAD • ACTUAL SIZE 10" x 16"

$13.50

ADD $1.50 PER DIARY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (NEW YORK RESIDENTS, PLEASE ADD SALES TAX)

FROM THE NEW YORKER

Suite 1101, 25 West 43 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me _____ Blue _____ Brown copies of The New Yorker Diary @ $13.50 each.
Enclosed is my check for $_______ Or, charge my

☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS Card ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account # ______________________________
EXP. DATE

NAME ______________________ *please print*
ADDRESS ______________________ APT. ______
CITY ______________________ STATE & ZIP ______

ORDER NOW

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
For quantities over 25, write for price list.

taught the laws of propriety, he might have learned them from the animals"). In ancient Greece, there was Chiron the centaur, who ran a school in his cave at Mt. Pelion and taught Achilles, Jason, and Aesculapius. Many preliterate people learned how to take care of their sick and wounded by observing animals. And then there are myths, fairy tales, and fables. There is even "Moby Dick," to bring things down to comparatively modern times.

"I believe that the personality development of an individual who has an animal companion or is surrounded by animals will be somewhat different from that of an individual who does not possess animals," Dr. Levinson said. "The ownership of a pet may aid in the development of adaptive personality traits." He suggested research into many questions related to this thesis. Do adult owners of pets show more empathy than non-owners for fellow human beings? Do animal companions have a different role in the personality development of boys and of girls? Is there a different incidence of mental illness—such as severe depression and schizophrenia—among owners and non-owners of animals? Do owners who have experienced the death of an animal companion handle human bereavement more effectively than non-owners? Is there a difference in survival rates between owners and non-owners—say, those with chronic illnesses, such as diabetes, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, and cardiovascular diseases? Does animal companionship significantly reduce the stress of divorce and widowhood and help in the effective management of these situations?

Dr. Levinson ended on a cheerful note. At first, we men saw the animal as a god, then as a slave, then as a worker, he said, and now we are beginning to look upon him primarily as a companion. Yet man has always dreamed of the mythical Golden Age, when animals and human beings lived in peaceful communion. Like all myths, this one describes a state of affairs that never existed, but it expresses a deep longing on our part. "Now I believe that the Golden Age is approaching in reality," he concluded.

—EMILY HAHN

•

WHAT ELSE IS NEW? DEPARTMENT
[*Headline in the Times*]

PYGMIES LACK FACTOR
REGULATING GROWTH,
RESEARCH STUDY SAYS

ARMADA
CREAM
OLOROSO
SHERRY
SANDEMAN
IMPORTED

ARMADA CREAM
Rich. Smooth. Satisfying.
The after-dinner, after-hours Sherry.
SANDEMAN

Product of Jerez Spain
Imported by Chateau & Estate Wines Company, N Y

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties
Soft Flannel Sheets

Take the chill out of getting in bed on cool evenings. Made of a tightly woven, softly napped flannelette fabric. Whipstitched ends. Machine Wash and Dry. Cut generously to allow for normal shrinkage.

Flat Sheets	Fitted Sheets
80% Cotton/20% Polyester	50% Cotton/50% Polyester
Colors: White with Blue, Pink or Gold Stripes	Colors: Solid White, Blue, Pink or Gold
Twin #7481W, $12.00	Twin #7473W, $12.00
Double #7488W, $13.50	Double #7474W, $13.50
Queen #7489W, $16.50	Queen #7475W, $16.50
King #7464W, $18.00	King #7465W, $18.00

(King size in solid White, Beige or Sky Blue only - 65% polyester/35% cotton).

Please Ship Postage Paid ☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG

Item #	Qty.	Size	Color	Description	Price

Add 5% Maine Sales Tax on Shipments to Maine Addresses TOTAL

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

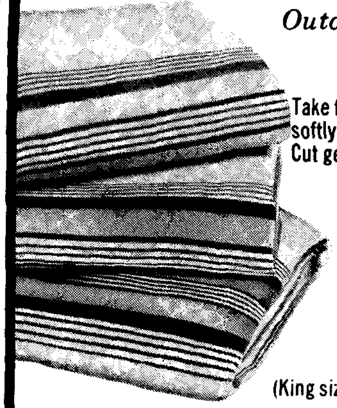
Card No.__________ Exp. Date______

Name __________

Address __________

City__________ State______ Zip ______

L. L. Bean, Inc., 885 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



MUSICAL EVENTS

Away, Above the Chimney Tops

PUCCINI remains popular. Of the sixty-nine performances billed in the Metropolitan Opera's winter brochure, twenty-six—more than one in three—are of works by Puccini. In London next year, the Royal Opera plays nothing but "La Bohème" for two weeks. The Met has just mounted a large, elaborate new production of "La Bohème," designed and directed by Franco Zeffirelli. At first sight, it is a revised version of Zeffirelli's celebrated "Bohème" production for La Scala nineteen years ago—revived there often, taken up by other houses, and (not adequately) filmed. But there has been rethinking and reworking. The attic set is new, and the dramatic emphasis has changed, in ways that may be disconcerting and disappointing to a simple Puccini-lover and are interesting to anyone concerned with the reasons for Puccini's lasting success. The show has been reviewed as if it were no more than a conventional, traditional production writ large. In this country, Zeffirelli has seldom had his due as an operatic thinker. His scenic effects do, of course, draw a Met audience's easy, mindless acclaim. (On the first night, the music of Act II was *four* times drowned by applause. A record?) There certainly is a showman side to his work; as the New Grove puts it, "no *coup de théâtre* has proved too extreme for him in the interests of bold Romantic spectacle." Six hundred people filled the stage in his Scala "Aida," and nearly three hundred appear in Act II of the Met "Bohème." He aims to give spectacular pleasure, and would be a lesser director if he didn't. But the showman is also an operatic interpreter of genius. Like it or not (and I'm not sure how much I do like it), this splashy new "Bohème" is as much a serious-minded "statement" as was the Met's sombre Stravinsky evening a few days before.

Is elaboration necessary? "La Bohème" is an undemanding opera to stage. Its scenic requirements are simple. Covent Garden's 1899 sets, inaugurated by Melba and Fernando de Lucia, did good, hard service for seventy years. (Through 1938, there were only four years when the opera was dropped from the bills; in 1948 Peter Brook redirected it in the old sets, which then put in two more decades of annual service—missing only two seasons—until in 1969 they were at last retired.) Being built to the composer's requirements, after designs supplied by his publisher, this décor worked well, and unobtrusively framed the merits of generation after generation of bohemians: among those of my time, Victoria de Los Angeles (1950) and Teresa Stratas (1961), who both chose Mimì as a Covent Garden début role; Renata Scotto (1962) and Mirella Freni (1964); Jussi Björling (1960) and a new young tenor called Luciano Pavarotti (1963). Those performances were "created" by the singers and took no added color from staging or scenery. I remember individual excellences. I forgot—until I flicked through some old reviews—how often I cited as still valid the composer's own complaint about Covent Garden: that it felt the engagement of a "star" or two was enough, and paid little attention to ensemble or mise en scène.

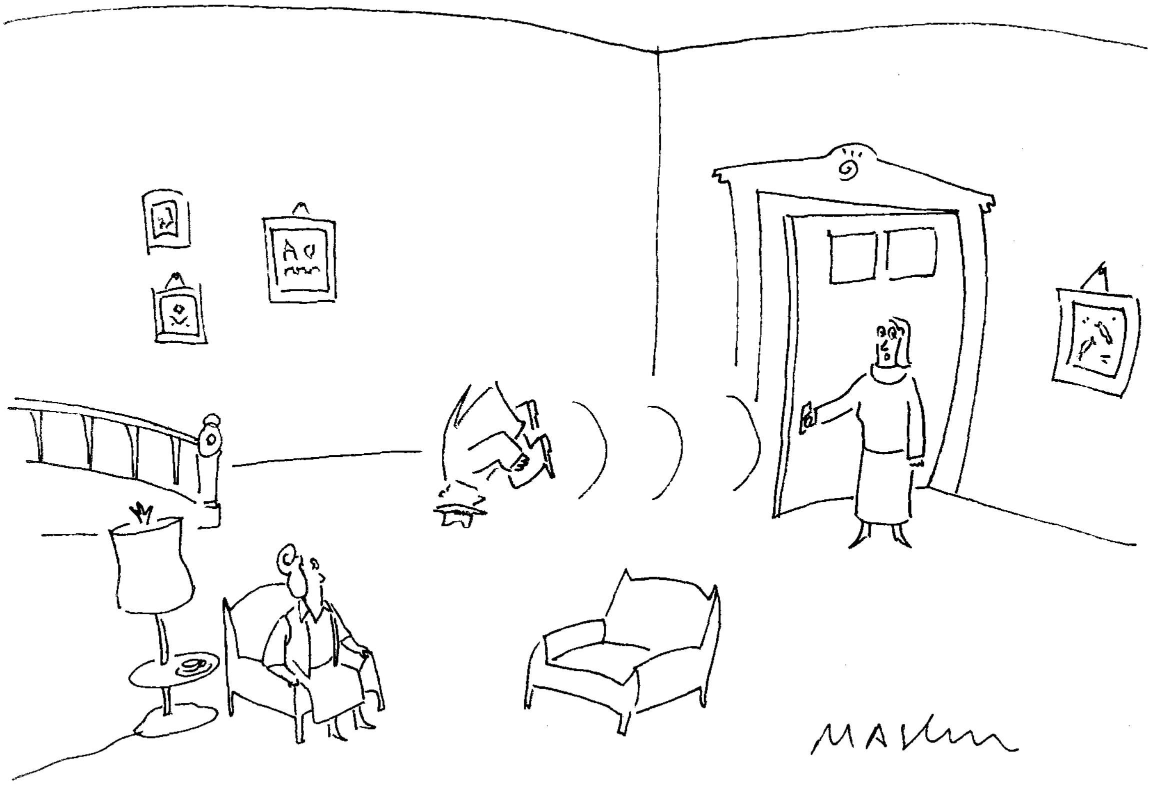
Puccini could not make that complaint of the new Met version. But he, who identified so strongly with his characters, who wanted listeners to throb and sob along with them, might object to something else—the oddly distanced effect of the drama as it is presented here, and the unexpected and hardly Puccinian "theme" that seems to emerge: How unimportant these young people and their ephemeral loves, their dreams and pictures and poems are! They live and die as mayflies on the great stream of life. The distancing is achieved in several mutually confirming ways. The attic of the first and last acts is small and far away, set well back behind two realistically built rows of rooftops. "For the first time," Mr. Zeffirelli said in an interview, "audiences will have a sense of the immensity of Paris, and the smallness of this little group's place—the actual space of a garret." In many "Bohème" productions, the studio is rather larger than life, too spacious for strict realism; but symbolically that is not inappropriate. The audience is invited to enter a room where what goes on looms larger than anything in the great world without. The emotions are contained, and they fill the stage from side to side. But the Met audience observes some people moving in a distant loft, which might be on the far side of Amsterdam Avenue and is only one among many in the huge, crowded city. In Act II, our principals are then lost in the busy throng; sometimes when we hear them singing it is hard to spot where they are. In the prescribed décor, their supper table is set well forward, stage left, always dominant; in Zeffirelli's, it is central, set back by a lane's width, and sometimes masked by the crowd. In Act III, there is much coming and going beyond the prescribed diversions of the score, and again the effect is to remind us that the bohemians are not the only people in the world who have troubles. One's expectation of a new set for Act IV—a closeup on the principals—was not fulfilled. The rooftops returned.

Another, linked intention seems to have been to reduce the set-piece effect of solo numbers that usually stand out in relief: "Che gelida manina," "Mi chiamano Mimì," Mimì's farewell, Colline's coat song. They have been directed with applause-inhibiting closes, in a way to flow continuously into what follows. But—at any rate, on the first night—the bold idea was not carried through: instead of proceeding, conductor and singers waited for the usual applause, which then arrived, late, as an awkward intrusion. It would be moving to hear an unbroken sequence of "Che gelida manina . . . Mi chiamano Mimì . . . O soave fanciulla" (as one can on records), to hear Rodolfo lap the D-flat of Mimì's "Addio, senza rancor" with the D-flat of his "Dunque: è proprio finita," to hear Colline pass straight into recitative at the end of the coat song. (I seldom attend a "Bohème" without thinking that "Vecchia zimarra" might effectively be omitted; and then remind myself that Puccini, who cut so much while the opera was being made—an act in the courtyard of the house where Musetta lives, Schaunard's misogynist solo—knew what he was about. All the same, it might be worth trying.) If the singers prefer applause, the direction should be altered to take account of it.

THE librettists of "La Bohème," Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica, declare in a preface to their text that they aimed to preserve the essential spirit, the characters, the atmosphere, and the episodic quality of their source, Henry Mürger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." When the opera first appeared, critics were disconcerted by the "impressionistic" nature of both the plot and the music. But now, as Mosco Carner remarks in his Puccini biography, "countless performances year in year out have blunted our ears to the fact that Puccini's is one of the most original creations for the lyrical stage and the first opera in history to achieve an almost perfect fusion of romantic and realistic elements with impressionist features." Zeffirelli's production removes veils of familiarity, sharpens our ears, and invites us to think again about the work. There is more of Mürger in it than usual, though Zeffirelli is too sensible, and too much of a musician, to fall into the modern trap of "directing" a source rather than what a composer has made of it. His Rodolfo is not Mürger's Rodolphe: "A young man whose face could hardly be seen for a huge, bushy, many-colored beard. To set off this prognathic hirsutism, a premature baldness had stripped his temples as bare as a knee. A cluster of hairs, so few as to be almost countable, vainly endeavored to conceal this nakedness." But his Rodolfo is scruffy and unshaven. In forming his Mimì, Zeffirelli may have recalled a sentence that the librettists significantly omitted from the Mürger quotation introducing their first act: "At certain moments of boredom or bad temper, her features assumed an appearance of almost savage brutality, so that a physiognomist might perhaps have recognized the signs of either a profound egotism or a complete lack of sensibility." For Rodolfo to blow out his own candle when Mimì's has been extinguished by the draft is a common, unpleasing, rather cheap bit of added business. Zeffirelli not only used it but made it seem as if Mimì had deliberately blown out her candle, too. Many a provincial Rodolfo scores a cheap laugh by tidying his hair when he hears a woman's voice outside the door; Zeffirelli not only retained that business but then had Rodolfo further check his appearance in a glass before answering Mimì's knock. In Puccini, all is drenched in romance. Fate furthers the affair: chance blows out both their candles in turn; as if by accident, Rodolfo's hand touches Mimì's in the dark. Rodolfo, as he says in the final duet, merely assists destiny by pocketing the key. In Zeffirelli's version, it's a knowing, calculated pickup from the start, on both sides. Mimì gives a triumphant smirk when she sees Rodolfo find the key; she deliberately advances her hand to be grasped by Rodolfo's. The effect is not unrealistic (except in the lighting plot, when two spotlights track the lovers through the darkened room). Mimì and Rodolfo were, after all, both experienced seducers. But it destroys the tenderness and the delicacy of Puccini's scene, in which they behave like two young, shy people increasingly attracted to one another—a scene in which tension should mount gradually toward the full-throated release of the octaves at "Ah! tu sol comandi, amor!"

Teresa Stratas is a piquant, fascinating, attractive Mimì. She plays the role with more resource than she did at Covent Garden twenty years ago, still looks young, gives vividness and meaning to every phrase, and shapes the musical lines fully. Renata Scotto's Musetta is a serious and carefully studied portrayal, but she went too far at the close of Act II. "Saucily revealing her foot," says Puccini; Miss Scotto kicked her skirts up over her head. Her waltz song veered disconcertingly between shrillness and inaudibility; the prayer in Act IV was under better vocal control. José Carreras, as Rodolfo, was disappointing. He seems to have passed from City Opera promise to international routine; the voice was dark, ordinary, not fresh and bright. For Richard Stilwell, distinguished as Pelléas, as Ulysses, as a Mozart baritone, to be essaying Marcello seemed precious like slumming, but, in his restrained, patrician way, he gave a plausible performance. Allan Monk and James Morris were a decent Schaunard and Colline. The lack of any remarkable solo singing—of phrases that stir one in the theatre and live on in memory's ear—matched the resolutely unsentimental approach. The acting was intimate and detailed, as if for the cinema. It will probably work wonderfully on television. The Met's closeup photographs look like film stills. In the enormous theatre, the effect of remoteness is further increased.

THE Scala "Bohème" was possibly the most beautiful operatic show of our day. (Is it somewhere in Balzac that a young man coming upon a magnificent natural landscape remarks to his companion, "*Ma foi! C'est*



"Thank goodness Clifford has learned to roll with the punches."

presque aussi beau qu'à l'opéra"?) Courbet, I suppose, was Zeffirelli's inspiration, and the result was Courbet brought to life. One remembers not still, painted pictures but magical effects of changing light in the large studio, and, in Act III, a snowscape that reached not to a canvas backcloth but to a point where the eye could penetrate no farther through diminishing gradations of light, within which moving figures were glimpsed. The special merits of that 1963 staging gradually seeped away. The enchantments of the first cast—Mirella Freni and Gianni Raimondi, Eugenia Ratti and Rolando Panerai, all more sharply, if more traditionally, characterized than their Met counterparts—faded as they grew older or as others took their places. Scenically, Zeffirelli's Met "Bohème" stands to his Scala "Bohème" much as his Met "Falstaff" and "Cav and Pag" do to those he created for Covent Garden. They are not straight reproductions. There are a few improvements, but much of the detail is coarser. Some of the freshness of first discovery is gone. Reworking has brought overworking. The Met's attic set, as I said, is new. In Act II, the trees that formerly lined the boulevard above the quayside café have been felled, and the buildings look more like painted scenery, less real. In Act III, the wide central emptiness—bleak, marvellous image of a life without love—has now been filled by a snowbank and by trees. These central acts both look shallower than they did at La Scala, and are less magically lit. On the other hand, the Met's stage machinery allows Acts I and II to be played without an intermission, and that is a gain.

The Scala "Bohème" was memorably conducted by Herbert von Karajan, who is both a great conductor and a delicate accompanist—especially admirable in Donizetti and Puccini. At the Met, James Levine had not engaged a Puccini conductor but undertook the assignment himself. His enthusiasm for the inventions of the score was evident; so was his inability to find the natural, idiomatic flow of the music. For all I know, he may be able to recite cantos of the "Divine Comedy" by heart, but he conducts Italian opera as if he didn't speak the language fluently, didn't feel the weights and colors and meanings of words that should inflect the music. Nor is he nice enough about stage-pit balance.

Violetta and Mimì were contempo-

Close your eyes. Now have someone read this to you.

You are blind. A student. Facing four years of college. With about thirty-two textbooks to read. Plus fifty supplemental texts. How are you going to manage?

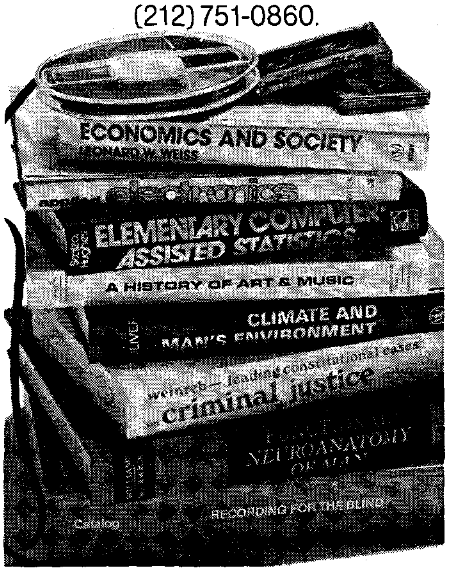
With Recording for the Blind. Since 1951, we've helped over 53,000 blind, perceptually and physically handicapped students get through school. By sending them recordings of the books they need to read. Free.

Recording for the Blind is non-profit, and supported by volunteers and contributions from people like you who can imagine what it's like to be blind.

Your tax-deductible donation will help our students meet their educational goals. We'd all be grateful.

If you want to know more about us, write:

Recording for the Blind, Inc.,
an educational lifeline.
Station E, 215 East 58th Street,
New York, New York 10022
(212) 751-0860.



For New York City Real Estate Please Call:

WILLIAM B. MAY CO.

One of the oldest, most reputable full service real estate organizations in America. Large enough to offer a broad choice of listings yet small enough to extend prompt personal service.

ESTABLISHED 1866

TOWN HOUSES
CO-OP APARTMENTS
RENTALS, FURNISHED & UNFURNISHED
INCOME PRODUCING INVESTMENT PROPERTIES
REAL ESTATE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

WILLIAM B. MAY CO.
3 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212)688-8700

"I enjoyed STONE IN THE HOURGLASS very much indeed and I wonder why it is put out in this elegant limited edition. It deserves a bigger public."
-GRAHAM GREENE

STONE IN THE HOURGLASS
a novel by
DONALD WINDHAM
Published in a limited edition
$15
Sandy Campbell
230 Central Park South
New York, N.Y. 10019

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

The Shakespeare Calendar for 1982

all in color, with something every day, just $6.00 postpaid. Bellerophon Books
36 Anacapa St., Sta. Barbara CA 93101

raries, despite misleading indications of epoch in the scores. (The score of "La Bohème" says "about 1830;" that of "La Traviata" sets the action "about 1700.") The "Scènes" were running in *Le Corsaire* in 1848, the year Dumas's novel "La Dame aux Camélias" appeared. "La Traviata" can well bear—may, indeed, benefit from—some passing presentation of social injustices that have made Violetta a fallen woman. The Goncourts described Mürger's "Scènes" as "a triumph of Socialism," but Puccini's opera can hardly be forced into a political mold. (Mimì makes her piecework as seamstress seem a romantic and charming occupation.) The English National Opera's "Bohème" hints at darker things—but more explicitly in the program notes than in the staging. The Met's is an essay in desentimentalization, achieved by sinking Puccini's foreground figures deep into a large frame. It's an interesting production.

NEW YORK'S third "Traviata" production of the season was put on by the Juilliard American Opera Center, in an amateurish-looking and bloody staging directed by Andrei Serban. At Flora's party, Paquillo mimed killing five bulls, and that can pass, for the chorus sings of it. But Paquillo's Andalusian inamorata dabbled her fingers in their blood, smeared it over her face and bosom, licked it, and that is not acceptable party behavior. In the last scene, Violetta brought up blood by the cupful and wiped it from her hands on Germont's letter—that letter which in Verdi's opera she cherishes so dearly. The drama was apparently set in an almost bare loft. It held a few screens in the first scene for Violetta's guests to play peekaboo among. "*Tanto lusso*" in the second scene was represented by some cushions scattered about on the floor (this Violetta was a parterre letter writer) and a suspended piece of cloth, which Germont tore down at the end, to signify his irritation that Alfredo should go off in quest of his beloved. Flora decked the loft with hanging rugs and some gilt chairs, which won a round of applause. In the last scene, it was furnished with a truckle bed, a washstand, a chair, and a closet.

The staging was a mixture of modern clichés (the corpse of Violetta lying front stage to start and end the opera; the return of Alfredo in person at the close of Act I; pantomimes during the preludes) and rude, false invention. There was double casting. In my cast, Roseann Del George suggested that in a less foolish production—one that allowed the singers natural expressiveness and worked with the grain of the score—she might be a moving heroine. Her "Addio del passato" was affectingly and subtly sung, and technically accomplished. Michael Austin, the Alfredo, had several good notes and no character. Christian Badea, conducting, sometimes pushed ahead of singers he should have been accompanying, and showed little sense of Verdi style.

Erich Leinsdorf, in his wise, detailed, and valuable book "The Composer's Advocate: A Radical Orthodoxy for Musicians" (Yale)—which should become a set text for all performing artists—remarks, "Today special courage may be required to sweep away the detritus of misinterpretation and reveal a composer's work as he first constructed it. Ironically, faithful interpretation of a great master's wishes often seems not conservative but radical." It was sad to see the Juilliard School lending countenance to modern misconceptions, and sad to see and hear promising young American artists thus led astray—*traviati*.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

NOTICE
STATE OF LOUISIANA
DAVID C. TREEN
GOVERNOR
PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, November 21, 1981, has been declared Worldwide "Hello Day"; and

WHEREAS, we are asking everyone, regardless of what language or nationality, who wants to make it a special day to say "hello" to ten people they have never spoken to before; and

WHEREAS, the purpose is to foster friendship, warmth and good relations among mankind.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, DAVID C. TREEN, Governor of the State of Louisiana, do hereby proclaim November 21, 1981 as

"HELLO DAY"

in the State of Louisiana.

(SEAL)

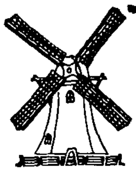
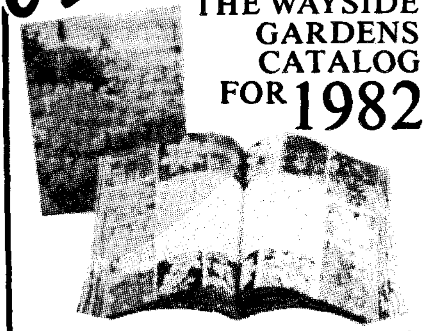
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand officially and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Louisiana, at the Capitol, in the City of Baton Rouge, on this the 24th day of February, A.D., 1981.

DAVID C. TREEN
Governor of Louisiana

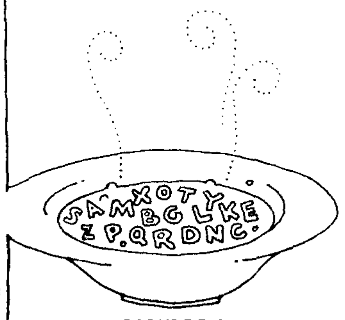
ATTEST BY THE GOVERNOR:
Jim Brown
Secretary of State
ST–44–Nov. 18–1†

—*Baton Rouge Morning Advocate.*

Hello.

free

THE WAYSIDE GARDENS CATALOG FOR 1982

Ask *now* and this big, book-style catalog is yours free. Your single, most reliable source for superior GARDEN PLANTS -- over 1000 items for your home garden, with authoritative descriptions and sound advice -- 148 pages faithfully illustrated in FULL COLOR! Visit our garden shop in Hodges, South Carolina.
WAYSIDE GARDENS CO.
104 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

Please send to:
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Wayside Gardens Co.
104 Garden Lane • Hodges, S. C. 29695



soupçon
VERBATIM ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A. $7.50 a year
The Language Quarterly

TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS
SIMPLY
ELEGANT
Prospect of Whitby Hotel
PW 1-(800)243-4954/5
203-371-1119

(213) 275-0579 Luncheon Dinner

La Scala
BEVERLY HILLS
Serving the famous...and featuring one of the world's finest wine cellars.

BOOKS

Getting On

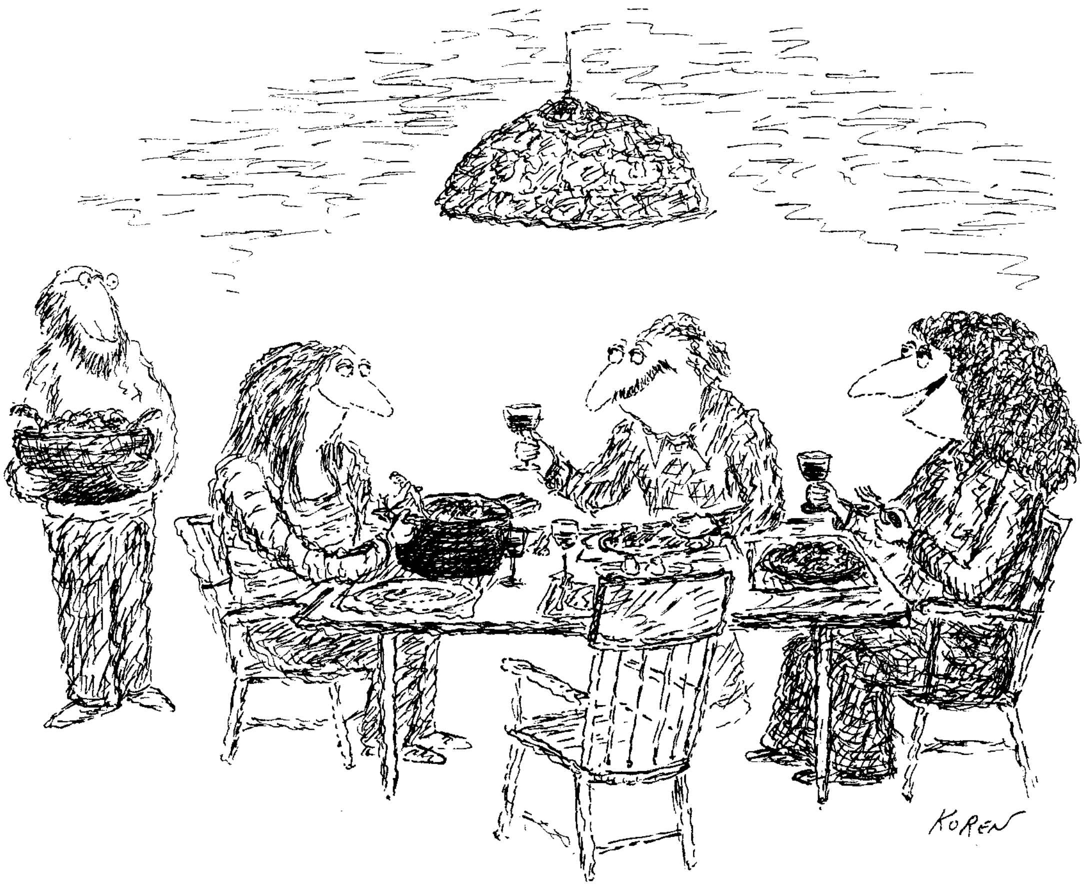
JAMES BOSWELL is forty-one years old at the outset of the eleventh volume of his inestimable journal —"The Applause of the Jury: 1782-1785" (McGraw-Hill; $22.95)—and death seems to be everywhere. His onerous father, the Laird of Auchinleck, dies the day the journal starts, and Boswell's wife, the bright, sharp-tongued Margaret Montgomerie, has just survived a summer-long attack of tuberculosis. Lord Kames, the old Scottish jurist and metaphysician of whom Boswell plans to write a biography, is dying, and Samuel Johnson, now seventy-two, is ill in London. Boswell meets all this in customary fashion: he makes out his will, and beards the enemy. He questions Kames closely about how it feels to be dying and whether or not he thinks there is an afterlife—and he is hardly less pressing with Johnson during his last visits with him. He attends public hangings in London, first interviewing the condemned, then studying their corpses. He adds death to his celebrated list of obsessions. These remain constant, and include his lust (he seems to contract venereal diseases as if they were colds); his drinking (on March 10, 1785, at Fortune's, in Edinburgh, he and several friends consume two bottles of port apiece); the wild seesaw of himself (April 29, 1783: "I was exceedingly happy, roaring outwardly and comfortable inwardly," and May 15, 1783: "I was quite sunk. I had not even hope of happiness. I was in dreary hypochondria"); and Samuel Johnson ("I an electrical eel to Dr. Johnson. Also the boy in the bowling-green who gives him the bowls").

There is less of Johnson in "The Applause of the Jury" than we might wish, but what there is is choice. At least three of the Johnson passages never made it into the "Life." In the first, Boswell, remaining uncharacteristically silent, observed a successful visit between Edmund Burke's son and Johnson. In remarking on his own restraint, Boswell unwittingly sums up why he got on so well with Johnson: "I just lay by and let [young Burke] play the great organ." The second reveals Johnson at his uncanny shrewd best. Johnson speaks: "Virtue almost never produces friendship. Good men and bad are not enemies. They are not embittered by contest. The thing is not disputed between them. Enmity takes place between men who are good different ways." The third is the famous "Extraordinary Johnsoniana—*Tacenda*," as Boswell called it. Printed in its entirety in this volume for the first time, it is an interview that Boswell and a painter named Lowe had one evening with Mrs. Desmoulins, long a part of Johnson's ragbag household. They want to find out, baldly, if Johnson had ever had a sex life. It is fine low comedy, and part of it goes like this:

> Mrs. Desmoulins (Lowe and I closing in upon her to listen). "No, Sir, I have told you he commanded his passion. But when I was a young woman and lived with Mrs. Johnson at Hampstead, he used to come out two or three days in a week, and when Dr. Bathurst lived there, he'd go and stay with him till two or three in the morning. The maid went to bed, as she could not be kept up, and I used to sit up for him; and I have warmed his bed with a pan of coals and sat with him in his room many an hour in the night and had my head upon his pillow." Boswell. "What, when he was in bed, Madam?" Mrs. Desmoulins. "Yes, Sir. He'd desire me to go out of the room, and he'd go to bed; but to come back in a little while and talk to him—and I have come and sat on his bedside and laid my head on his pillow."... Boswell. "What would he do? Come now" (Lowe like to jump out of his skin), "Would he fondle you? Would he kiss you?" Mrs. Desmoulins. "Yes, Sir ... [but] he never did anything that was beyond the limits of decency."

Boswell's whole life (he died at the age of only fifty-four, in 1795) seems distracted, but the years covered by "The Applause of the Jury" were particularly nettlesome. Not only was his wife slowly dying but he now had five children. He had inherited Auchinleck, his father's country estate, and although he relished being a great landowner, he had no taste for country life. He was torn between Edinburgh, which he found provincial, and London, which he loved but could not afford. He was restless at the Scottish bar; he longed for a seat in Parliament. Then, on December 13, 1784, Dr. Johnson died. Boswell was "stunned, and in a kind of amaze ... I did not shed tears. I was not tenderly affected. My feeling was just one large expanse of stupor. I knew that I should afterwards have sorer sensations." So this volume of the journal is itself distracted. There are long stretches in 1783 and 1784 when Boswell apparently made no entries at all, and there are stretches when he simply kept narrative notes. The editors, Irma S. Lustig and Frederick A. Pottle, have filled these lacunae with letters, passages from the first draft of the "Life," and extracts from newspapers and magazines and from pamphlets that Boswell wrote. (He was an inveterate scribbler, who also wrote verses, songs, broadsides, and copious contributions to English and Scottish periodicals, among them a series of monthly essays for the *London Magazine* under the title "The Hypochondriack.") There are two letters from Mrs. Boswell to Boswell in London, and it is fine to have that shadowy, long-suffering Edinburgh lady spring to life. One begins, "A thousand thanks to you, my dearest Mr. Boswell, for all your letters, which are great comforts to me, and what I stand much in need of. You will have received intelligence by this time of your brother's arrival. He is really the most disagreeable companion I ever lived with. He has not one grain of compliance in his disposition. He will not accommodate himself to any one domestic rule. At dinner he ..." And it is invaluable to be able to compare the first draft of the "Life" with the printed version. It is clear that the gussying, Latinate hand of Edmond Malone, Boswell's editor, sometimes muffled his great naturalness. Two instances: "He seemed to be a little displeased at our importunity, and in agitation said ..." becomes "He seemed to be a little displeased at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out ..." And "I maintained that no man would choose to lead over again that life which he had experienced. Johnson exclaimed, 'I would not lead my life over again though an archangel should request it' " becomes "I maintained that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms."

AV AM
PAPERBACKS
MARLOFF PAPERBACK CORNER
BOOKS
BOOKS
PAPERBACK BOOKS
W 4
GROVE ST
M-IAN



“Nan, your cassoulet is superb—from a feminist perspective, of course.”

But there is enough of Boswell’s journal in “The Applause of the Jury” to remind us what a good writer he was. No one knows why celebrated writers often go sour—why the Carlyles and Macaulays of one age are snickered at or ignored in the next. Nor does anyone know why the Austens and Blakes, relatively unknown in their own time, survive. Boswell’s best writing appears to be ageless. It remains resilient, fresh, rhythmic, uncluttered. He was not ordinarily a visual writer. He was after men’s souls, not what housed them. Despite the amount of time he spent on himself in his journal, it is hard to *see* him. We turn elsewhere for that. The indefatigable Fanny Burney (by then Mme. D’Arblay) describes Boswell in her father’s memoirs, which she edited:

> He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson . . . There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell . . . His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair.

We also look elsewhere for the full measure of Boswell’s disagreeable side. In 1783, he journeyed back to Scotland from London with the Reverend William Temple, his old college friend. Temple wrote in his journal for May 25th:

> Boswell irregular in his conduct and manners, selfish, indelicate, thoughtless, no sensibility or feeling for others who have not his coarse and rustic strength and spirits. Sorry I came to town to meet him . . . Seems often absurd and almost mad, I think. . . . Years do not improve him.

The title of this volume of Boswell’s journal has to do with the sometimes ecstatic response to his “Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,” published late in 1785. The footnotes, which reveal a stunning amount of research, are so thick and tenacious that they repeatedly bring the reader to a stop. Although we are told a lot about eighteenth-century Scottish law, we are never told young Burke’s age or how many acres the estate of Auchinleck had or the meaning of the word “awe” as it is used by Mrs. Desmoulins: “It has been said there was a criminal connexion between [Johnson] and Mrs. Williams; and I remember a lady observed that no woman could behave so impudently if she did not know she had this awe over his head.”

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Funeral Games, by Mary Renault (Pantheon; $14.50). In the first chapter of this third and final volume of Mary Renault’s Alexandriad, poison has rendered Alexander comatose in Babylon. It is only a matter of time before the reader is comatose, too. Miss Renault lingers for a hundred and thirty pages in 323 B.C., rattles through the next dozen years (practically one per chapter), and then hops forward to 286, to portray Ptolemy, now King of Egypt, putting the final touches on *his* history of Alexander. The intervening pages are littered with Greek generals, Persian and Macedonian soldiers, and nests of venomous mothers and wives, not to mention mules in harness (sixty-four just to haul Alexander’s sarcophagus from Babylon to Alexandria), dromedaries under saddle (“On the Royal Road to Susa, a courier traveled, his racing dromedary eating the miles with its smooth loping stride”), and royal elephants on parade (a phalanx of them tramples, on command, a crew of insurgents). There are also cinematic sound effects (extras rhubarbing in Babylonian and Greek), poetic similes (“The broken nose in Ptolemy’s craggy face pointed like a hound’s at a breast-high scent”), and dramatic dialogue (“Raising his large dark disillusioned eyes, Bagoas said with a vicious quiet, ‘Since the day of the elephants’ ”). Only the most optimistic reader will hope that a historical novel so dull must at least be educational.

GENERAL

A Fearful Innocence, by Frances Davis (Kent State; $14.95). In 1896, a Dutch Calvinist minister and millenarian dreamer named Rory Albertson and his wife tried and failed to establish a utopian community—with the Sermon on the Mount as its constitution—in the swamps of Georgia; in 1909, remarried to an exuberant beauty named Hazel, Albertson tried again, this time on a farm in Massachusetts. If the result was not the harmonious system that he envisioned, The Farm (as it was succinctly known) did, in its own way, thrive for a time. The author's parents—Russian-Jewish immigrants who were pioneer social workers in Boston—were among the first wave of idealists to call The Farm their home. During the author's childhood, The Farm was a happy zoo of Harvard students in work clothes, Boston débutantes in homemade bloomer suits, and dozens of children. Then, in the twenties, the idyll ended: the students graduated, and Rory abandoned Hazel and The Farm, dropping by from time to time to chide her for her sloppy bookkeeping. In 1929, after high school, Frances Davis moved to New York, determined to become a journalist. By 1936, she had written enough advertising copy about bathtubs to pay her way to France as a free-lance reporter for a dozen American newspapers. When the Spanish Civil War broke out, a few months later, she became the first woman correspondent in Spain, and she crossed the French border regularly, at great personal risk, to telephone in her front-line reports to the London *Daily Mail*. In 1939, blood poisoning from a small wound nearly killed her; in 1940, she was back at The Farm, bedridden and breathing through a tube in her throat, and unable to vent her frustration at Hazel's undying hope for Universal Brotherhood. Frances Davis's slow recuperation would not have occurred without the encouragement of the Harvard historian Bernard Cohen, who urged her to write the story of The Farm, and who, in 1944, married her. In an epilogue, Frances Davis describes her mixed emotions—amusement, impatience, wistfulness—when she overhears students "chattering about 'communal living.' " An extraordinary chronicle, courageous in its exploration of facts and feelings—the work of a first-rate front-line correspondent. Photographs, a bibliography, and a biographical index.

JOCK: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN HAY WHITNEY, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Doubleday; $19.95). A deft biography, written in a lightly ironic style, of a man whose antecedents were illustrious and who was as rich and privileged as one can get, yet who made himself into a person of consequence in his own right. Whitney was and is a moving spirit in a number of areas of American life, among them philanthropy, collecting modern art, Ivy League education and sports, the breeding of thoroughbred race horses (at the Whitneys' Greentree Stables and the Greentree Stud), making movies (with David O. Selznick, he produced "Gone with the Wind," "A Star Is Born," and "Rebecca"), and big-city journalism. (Whitney's struggle to rescue the dying New York *Herald Tribune* was his only signal failure.) Over half a hundred photographs show us other aspects of Whitney's progress through an abundant life—the polo matches, the two beautiful women he married, the great houses, the yachts, the private planes, the shooting preserves, the tour of duty as President Eisenhower's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

THE MIND'S I, edited by Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett (Basic Books; $15.50). Despite the assembled weight of intellect that is evident in this anthology of writings about the brain, it is somehow unsatisfying. This may have to do with the limitations of anthologies as a genre and, as here, with the imbalance produced by mixing fictional pieces by people like Borges and Lem with scholarly scientific and philosophical articles on topics ranging from the quantum theory and its interpretations to whether computers can be said to think. There is an attempt to pull all this together with a series of brief "reflections" by the editors on various aspects of the subject. But the subject is so deep and so rich with ideas that what is needed is a whole book of commentary. What is needed, in fact, is just the sort of book that the editors have already written on their own ("Gödel, Escher, Bach;" "Brainstorms") and, no doubt, will write in the future.

A DICTIONARY OF EUPHEMISMS & OTHER DOUBLETALK: BEING A COMPILATION OF LINGUISTIC FIG LEAVES AND VERBAL FLOURISHES FOR ARTFUL USERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Hugh Rawson (Crown; $15.95). A most worthwhile book—vivaciously instructive and grimly entertaining—which, among much else, reminds us that in spite of the current "revenue enhancement" for "tax" and the less recent "senior citizen" for "old person" and the now almost historic "Department of Defense" for "War Department," what used to be called "gobbledygook" is probably as old as human speech. Some of these evasions are intended to soften ("limb" for "leg," "anti-Semitic" for "anti-Jewish"), some to conceal ("break off contact with the enemy" for "retreat," "above critical" for "out of control"), some to prettify ("whore" became "harlot" became "prostitute" and has tended to become "model"). Mr. Rawson can be crisply definitive ("Panties: Women's underpants; the diminutive minimizes the sexual associations by casting the adult wearers in the roles of children or little girls"), and, perhaps more important, he can also be highly provocative ("Home: When used to describe a private, detached dwelling, a genteelism for 'house.' . . . The tendency to drop the plainer 'house' in favor of the fancier 'home' shows up in many other ways. Contractors build *homes*, not *houses* . . . the owners obtain the funds to enlarge their quarters with *home* (not house) *improvement loans*. . . . Still more euphemistically, 'home' never really means 'home' when used to describe an institution. Thus, a *boys' home* is a kind of jail; a *home for infants* or *children* is an orphanage; a *mental home* is a madhouse; a *nursing home* is a combination hospital-dormitory-warehouse for old people . . . and a *memorial* or *funeral home* is the living end.") It should be added that Mr. Rawson prepares us for our plunge into the world of the noncommunicator with a fine introduction.

NOTE: "Radwaste," Fred C. Shapiro's investigation of the problems surrounding the disposal of nuclear waste, has been published by Random House ($14.50). Some of the contents first appeared in this magazine.

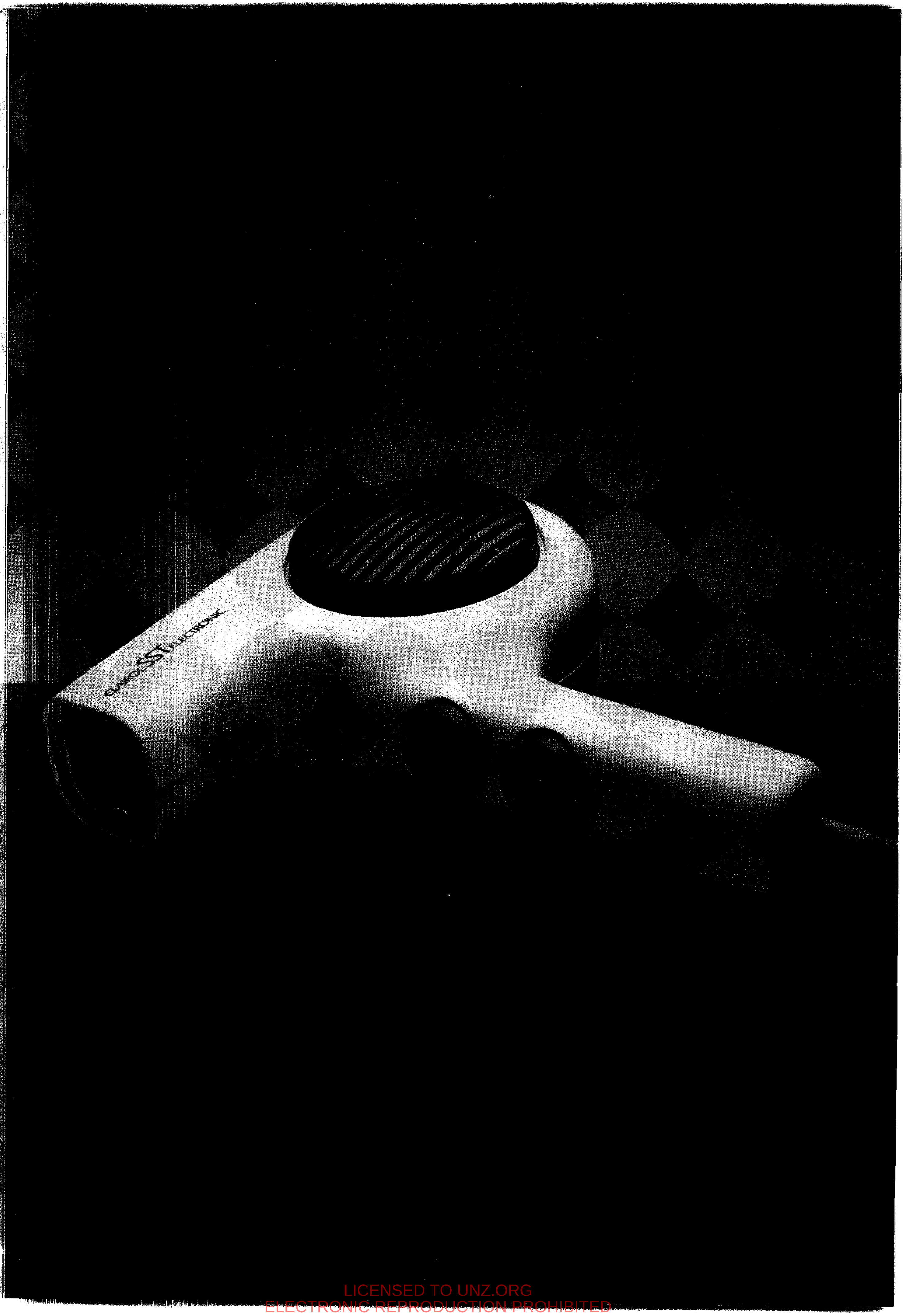
•

Strangely enough, O'Neill's death provided a momentary hiatus in his distinguished career.—*Gary Gregory in the Centerville (Ohio) Times.*

Oh, it happens all the time.

1751 2585

175 2585


CLAIROL SST ELECTRONIC

Dewar's unto others

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND

The gift of Dewar's.® Good things never vary.

If you can't deliver your gift of Dewar's "White Label"® personally, we'll do it for you. Call toll free 800-528-6148 for details. Gift boxed at no extra cost.

PROOF • © 1981 SCHENLEY IMPORTS COMPANY N.Y., N.Y.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas